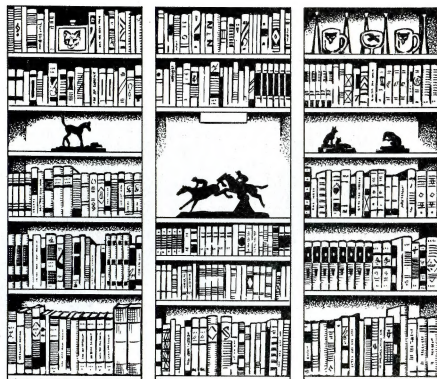


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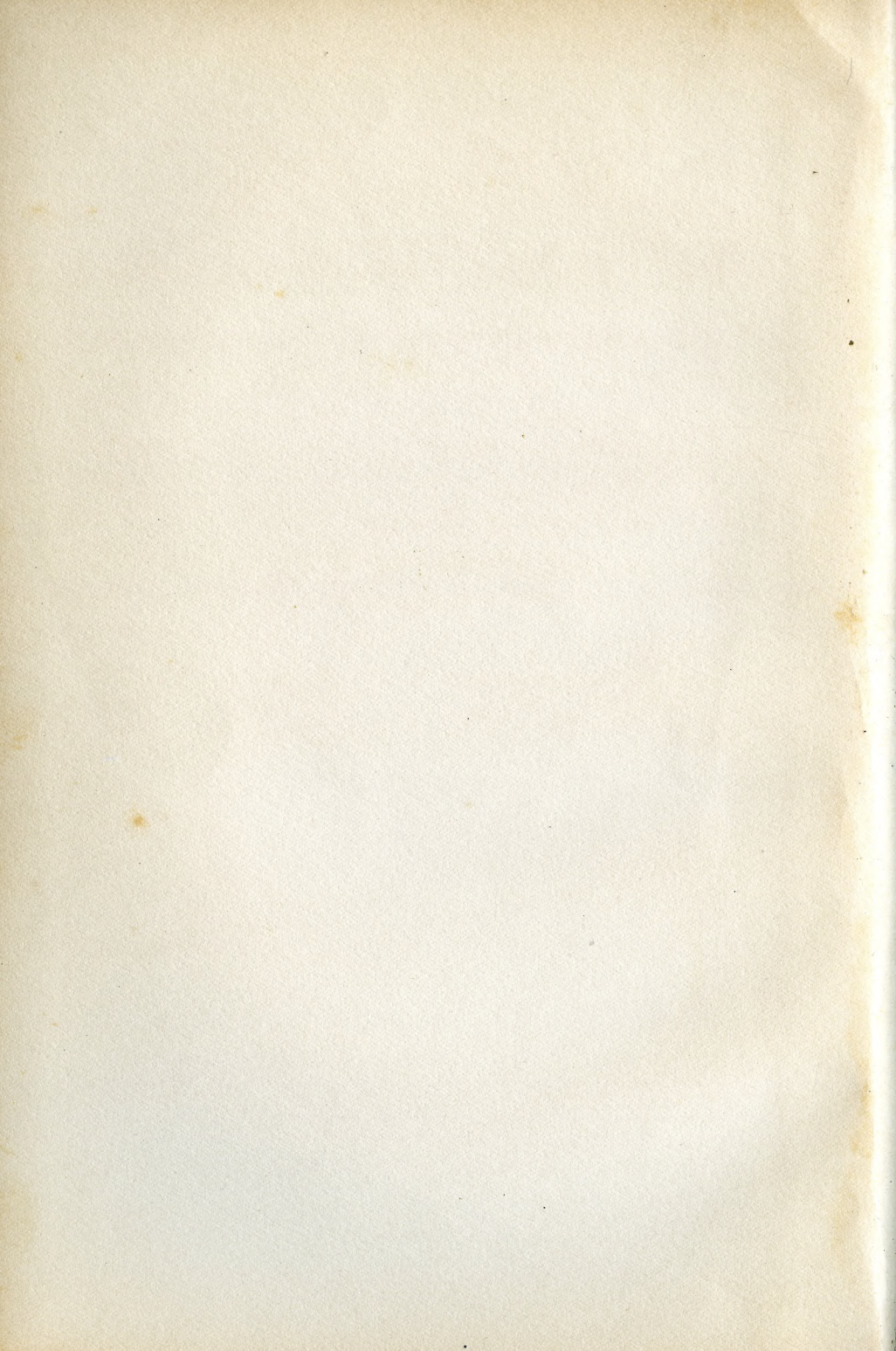


Colonel Henry A. Siegel

F.W. LOWERY



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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS



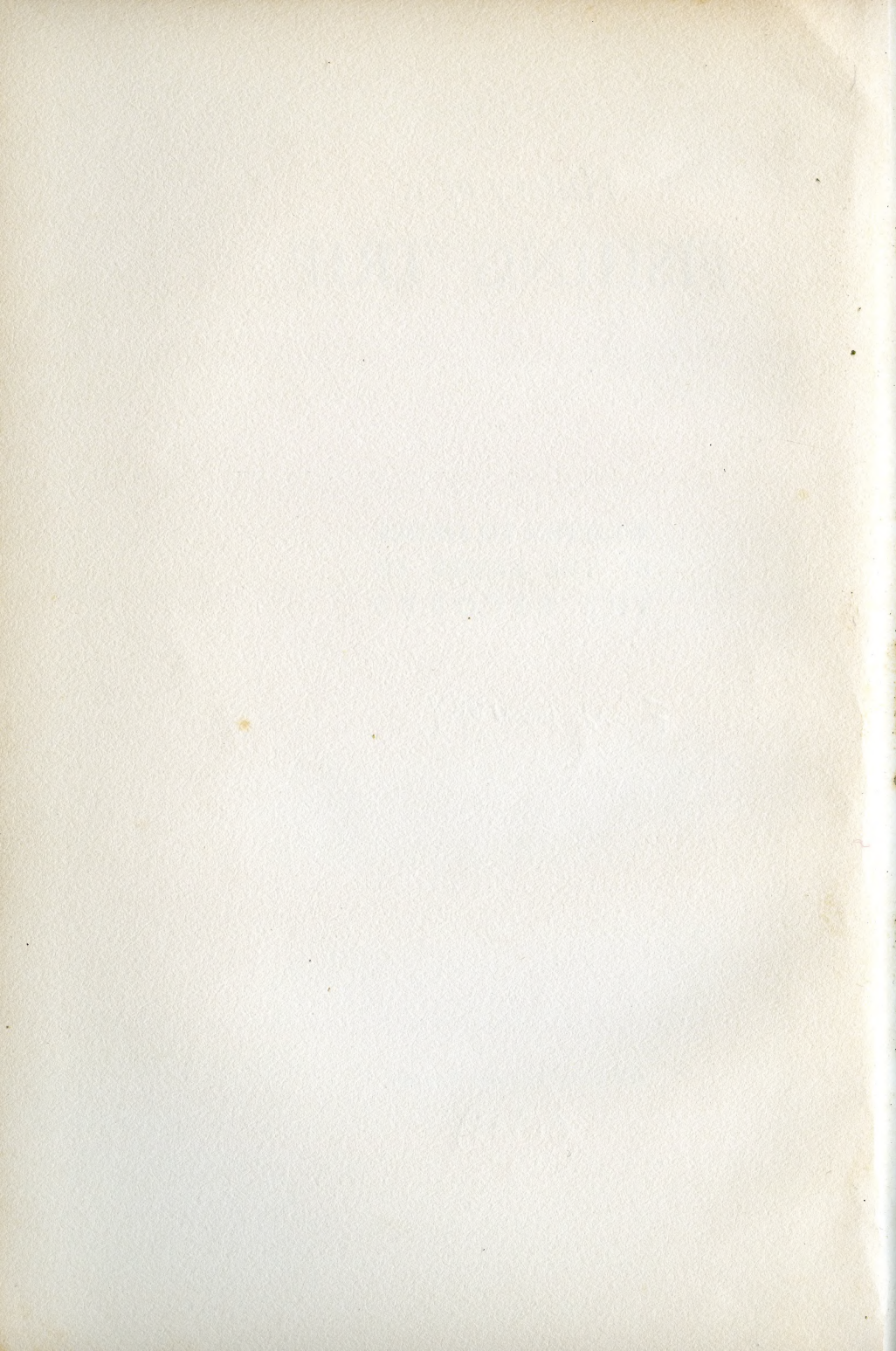
History of a
FISHING TRIP

WRITTEN TO ORDER
BY THE KEEPER OF
THE RECORDS

F. W. LOWERY

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(1933)



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PREFACE

IT WAS given me that I should have some part in the printing of this history. I read the author's proof and as I "close-quoted" and "initialed capped" it grew upon me that the man McCloy, spoken of therein, for all his twenty-four doubtful fish taken in an afternoon was most out of place with the delightful company in which he had found himself on Anticosti. The author emerges as a genial philosopher and man of culture, the Director as a fisherman of great parts (see page 100 and the thistle-down simile) with a heart of gold and a mind of utmost purity, the Morgan representative (there is always one around disclosed or undisclosed) as the taker of the biggest fish (also in keeping with the part) but McCloy is left pumping away at his casting ("a little more deliberateness, and a little less effort") encased in his barrel, singing raucously and ribaldly in the early morning, and distastefully energetic and acquisitive throughout. Where could such a person be more out of place than on a stream? When one reads Walton or Van Dyke one recognizes the type that fits the art. Quiet, restful men of skill and depth of mind. They grace a stream and complete a pool. Not so with McCloy. I find myself actually shocked at reading of so gross a person fishing over waters where once Edward Grey had cast. It is all very well to scramble untiringly after grizzlies and sheep in British Columbia but quite another thing to rush about after fish.

Again it is made quite clear that but for his surging competitive spirit none of the party would have been concerned in the slightest if not a fish, or at least if but a very few, had been killed. As it was, however, they were reluctantly driven to the point of trying somewhat hard for them,—casting when they should have been resting and wading when they should have been quietly smoking and thinking by the stream. Regretfully, and much against

his better nature, the author takes 41 fish in ten days and Douglas 30.

I thought that perhaps this picture so effectively drawn was but the product of unhealthy meditation during and after my solo flight. I would believe the author soured by continued reflection on my trip upstream. Perhaps I had laid it on a bit thick, for I recall painting a beautiful word picture of the river passing from its rugged down stream character to intimate stretches between even banks with pine groves and meadowy vistas, the salmon hopping after dry flies in water untouched except by Monsieur Menier forty years before. Such tales and a guide to back them up would tax the sweet mindedness of even an Arizona lawyer-philosopher and the patience of a Budget Balancer with sixteen billions of expenditures to laugh off.

But no; the judgments of the camp and stream are true and righteous all together. There is no escape from that acid test, but obnoxious or not I treasure in my bosom the memory of that day up the river—philosophic attitude have I none, but *I possess the secret of the Upper Jupiter.*

Only recently did I sit with my fellow Anticostians and we had much to say of business and politics. For a moment I aroused real interest by suggesting a trip to Connemara in the Spring to test the full Irish streams. I spoke of "dapping" and carelessly made mention that on certain of the upper pools, except for the fact that I used no natural fly, I had really "dapped" for salmon, causing two or three fish to leap for it at once. Immediately the gloom set in. The momentary glow of good feeling died out and memories of their joint and fatal error in allowing me to go above Thirty Mile alone came upon them and there was silence.

D. B.

CHAPTER I

Introductory

"I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following discourse; and that if he be an honest angler the east wind may never blow when he goes a-fishing."

—COMPLEAT ANGLER.

NO RIGHTLY PLANNED fishing trip is ever a failure; but success is not measured by the number of fish taken. To say 'it is not all of fishing to catch fish' may be trite, but I do not think it so, for I am convinced that even among fishermen only a few know what is meant by it. I have never made an extended trip after fish without getting some, but on many occasions have closed the day with an empty creel and a feeling of having had a glorious time. Of course, I am speaking of fishing for trout and salmon. No other fishing affords such delightful surroundings, and none lends itself better to the exercise of a peculiar combination of patience and skill, which is in itself a keen satisfaction. An empty creel is no disgrace, though an over-filled one may be,—and there are always delightful experiences with the fish that get away. Even the leanest days on the stream are seldom barren of such adventures.

The right companions and a fitting place to go, are the two important factors of a successful fishing trip. To select one's companions casually is to court disaster. To select them wisely requires years of experience with human specimens in the camp and on the stream. Many a delightful town companion turns out to be a dud in camp. Novices are a prime hazard, but the sportsman takes that hazard cheerfully, for the fraternity must have recruits.

On a recent fishing trip with my friends McCloy, Douglas, and Ward, I was made Keeper of the Records, and was further directed to write a history of the trip. Simultaneously, they dubbed me "Izaak Walton", and burdened me with a mythical reputation for skill and success in fishing. They pestered me with mock deference respecting all things pertaining to the anglers' art, behaving in short as all fishermen behave when, having reached the scene of a long-anticipated revel, they are free from the restraints of civilization. Men who seek their recreation in the wilds, fishing or hunting, easily revert to the primitive. The thin veneer of city life is cast aside: the racial memories and instincts of a thousand dead centuries stir and come to life. And, because when I go a-fishing I am myself feverishly alive to the same urge, spiritually *en rapport* with my companions in their reversion to the primitive, I think perhaps these friends of mine erred in assigning to me the task of writing this history. The indignity of having a sham reputation thrust upon me still rankles, and a remnant of recent emancipation still abides.

What need have these companions of mine for a history of our trip? They know all about it, down to its least and most intimate detail. It must be then they want it for the entertainment of their friends. If I cannot entertain, perhaps I may enlighten. And if, in writing this account, I season it with bits of philosophy gathered from other occasions on the stream, and with stories that are apropos of nothing but my desire to relate them, I shall but follow the example of all historians. History is not written to record events. The compelling motive is the desire of the author to strut upon the stage with the characters whose actions he depicts,—to find an audience for his own thoughts, his own emotions, his own conceits. Few historians are frank enough to admit this; but I am primarily a fisherman.

To plunge at once into the story suits neither my method nor my present mood. It is very pleasant to loaf, and there is too much hurry in life anyway. A story must have background as well as sequence. Men of literary attainment are able to construct the one as they develop the other. Under my untutored method the even flow of sequence may falter and at times come to a dead stop, while a necessary piece of background is being built. The interesting part of a new road is often found in its detours, rather than along its finished portions. And so with this history of a fishing trip, written as it is for the select few who took part in it, how may I hope to hold their interest with dull recital of mere events? They would never read it through. But, if I offer them an occasional detour, perhaps they will ride along with me on the chance of having overlooked something of importance.

CHAPTER II

The Curse of Noah

*"This dish of meat is too good for any
but anglers, or very honest men."*

—COMPLEAT ANGLER.

ANYONE who knows his Bible will understand that Noah didn't take any fish aboard the ark. In the first place, there was no need, because fish did very well in the water. And in the second place, the ark was overloaded. Of course, Noah wanted his bit of fish on Fridays; and, being a wise and foreseeing man, he told his son Ham to catch a big mess of catfish, and to string them on a long line so they would trail in the water alongside the ark. You will recall that Ham was the first colored man. He knew all about fishing, and he liked fried catfish and corn-bread better than anything, except watermelon. Wholly unorthodox, and always hungry, Ham could enjoy catfish on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, just as well as he could on Fridays; but Noah was a stickler for form and precedent, and so he had fish only on Fridays.

Just before the ark shoved off, Ham came aboard with a wide grin and the biggest mess of catfish ever seen in the land of Israel. They were alive; and stringing them

on a long stout line, Ham threw them into the water and carefully tied the other end of the line to a big nail in the sill of the only window that was in the ark. Those catfish were of all sizes, but one of them was a hummer—a a great big Mississippi River channel cat, nearly four feet long, and heavy in proportion. Ham's mouth fairly watered whenever he looked at that fish or even thought of it, and he hoped against hope that Noah hadn't noticed it. But old Noah had seen it, sure enough, and his mouth too watered for it until he could hardly wait for next Friday to come.

Now, Ham had a single-berth cabin just alongside that lone window of the ark, and the very first night out, when the old folks were in bed and sound asleep, he opened the window, hauled up that string of fish, and took a good look at the big Mississippi cat.

"He mos' de bigges' fish I ever cotch," murmured Ham to himself, adding with a chuckle, "an' I doan aim fer pappy t'eat him; I aim t'eat 'im myse'f."

He did just that. How he contrived to do it without discovery, can only be guessed. All that is known with certainty is that he cooked and ate the whole of that exceptional catfish by Thursday night of the first week out. Of course, Ham, being a colored man, messed with the crew, and they may have stood in with him.

Friday morning just before daylight, Noah knocked loudly on Ham's cabin door, and shouted:

"Ham, you black rascal! Get up! Get up! Don't you know it's time to milk the cow and feed the shoats? Get up! Get up, I say!"

So Ham got up and opened the door, and nodding sleepily to his father, said, "Yes, pappy, I hears you. What you all want?"

And Noah told him again about milking the cow and feeding the pigs, and added, "And when you've done the chores, I want you to fetch me that big Mississippi channel catfish I saw on the string you got tied to the big nail on the window sill. I aim to eat him for my dinner."

Ham was so scared he fairly turned gray, but he managed to stutter:

"Some of dem littler fish is better eatin', pappy. Sposin' I fetches you five or six nice pan-size fish?"

"You do just what I tell you," stormed his father. "Fetch me that big blue channel cat."

"You doan mean that big whopper cat, does you, pappy? Not dat bigges' fish I ever cotch, dat weigh more'n thirty poun', does you? 'Cause effen you mean dat bigges' fish, Ise got ter tell you he done got away."

Old Noah raved and stormed for nearly fifteen minutes. When he cooled off a bit, he looked Ham up and down with a nasty sneer, and said:

"Ham, you're the slickest fisherman and the damndest liar on the ark. You ate your poor old father's best catfish, and then you lied about it. Just for that, I set this curse upon you and all your ilk:

*For this, the awful sin of Ham,
Who stole his father's choicest dish,
I place a spell on every man
Who spends his time in catching fish:
White or yellow, black or tan,
He shall atone the sin of Ham.*

*His fishing tales shall ever be
Sans boasting, sans distortion,
Yet disbelief and mockery
Shall be his daily portion.
White or yellow, black or tan,
He shall atone the sin of Ham.*

*And yet, a further curse I will:
Though he shall fish the livelong day,
With all his might and all his skill,
His biggest fish shall get away.
White or yellow, black or tan,
He shall atone the sin of Ham.*

The story, originally told me by an old colored boatman on the Mississippi River, while doubtless Apocryphal in part, is still convincing. Personally, I think it a shame that Noah, in a fit of temper over the loss of a catfish, should have fastened such a spell upon fishermen. They are naturally a very truthful, honest lot. I have never met one who did not complain bitterly of the disbelief of his fellows, and I have never met one who did not relate the loss of his biggest fish; all of which goes to prove that the curse of Noah was real, and that it is still potent.

My colored friend of the Mississippi was wise in the lore of fish and fishermen, and he was a philosopher. His story of the curse of Noah met with my instant belief. It checked closely with my then youthful impressions of the Book of Genesis, and explained many things that had puzzled me,—Why did my biggest fish always get away? And why did every other fellow have the same experience? Why didn't people believe us when we told about

it? And in particular, why didn't one fisherman believe another, when all of them had the same bad luck? The curse of Noah made the whole thing clear, and I have never doubted it since. I tell the story now, so that my companions, for whom this history is written, may understand the meaning of their curious conduct, and of my own. Fishermen all, and subject to the curse.

I dare say that a full thousand of my biggest fish have broken me, and that I have endured the stony silence and the glassy eye of more than double that number of scoffers, who, having urged me to tell my modest tales of fishing and of fish, have shown by voice or manner that they did not believe a word I said. Neither silence nor open scoffing can touch me, for, favored by fate in that early friendship, I am armored in understanding, and armed with tolerance. Oft-repeated experience renews my faith. The flash of salmon or of trout, the strike, the run, the singing reel, the slashing leap! I feel the steady, angry pull—a heavy fish—a heavy fish, indeed! And then, the sudden slacking of the line,—he's gone! The biggest fish of all the day, the week, the season—gone! I chuckle to myself, and murmur, "That's another one for old Noah"

CHAPTER III

Stream Companions

*"Good company and good discourse are
the very sinews of virtue."*

—COMPLEAT ANGLER.

SINCE early spring a fishing trip had hovered in the offing,—a trip to Anticosti Island, for salmon. Douglas and I discussed it hopefully in moments snatched from the whirl of business. McCloy, the real father of the trip, sent down an illustrated pamphlet issued by the Consolidated Paper Corporation Limited, owner of Anticosti Island, describing its many rivers and its varied attractions. It was decided we should fish the River La Loutre. Again and again, we read the description of La Loutre's fascinating pools. Lest interest should lag, McCloy sent us a letter written to him by Mr. Allan D. Wilson, who had fished La Loutre for six consecutive years. Mr. Wilson's letter was a delight, and our interest rose to fever heat. July fourteenth was to be the day of arrival at the Island, and we began to count the intervening days.

Suddenly, and without any particular explanation, both date and river were changed. We would arrive July twenty-eighth, and we would fish the largest and best stream on the Island,—the Jupiter. At once, we read up on the Jupiter, and decided that the change in stream

would more than offset the agony of the two weeks delay. All hail to the Jupiter! How we were to get there, and what arrangements would be made for our accommodation, remained more or less of a mystery. All such matters were in the hands of McCloy. His reputation as a planner and manager of fishing trips was way above par, and, let me add, has been increased rather than diminished by the events of the recent trip.

Douglas and McCloy had fished together before, and were reconciled. But neither had ever fished with me. Ward, the fourth member of the party, was an unknown quantity, for he was a novice. He was the (x) in an equation that could not be solved algebraically. He would have to be solved on the stream.

I have a clear conception of the questions which must have been running through the minds of Douglas and McCloy about this time: How about Lowery? Is he a fisherman, or only a collector of fishing tackle and a plausible teller of fishing yarns? Will he stand the gaff? Will he be fussy about food and accommodations? Will he break down under possible adverse conditions, and want to go home? Will he sulk if others beat him in the number or size of fish taken? Will he be an asset or a liability?

I knew such questions must be in the minds of my two friends, because they are proper and pertinent to the selection of an untried fishing companion. They are questions I have myself asked scores of times in similar circumstances, and which I would have asked with respect to

Douglas and McCloy, but for the fact that I knew all about Douglas's fishing antecedents and training, and knew he had tried out McCloy, and rated him as A-1. The chances I would take would be negligible; but so far as Douglas and McCloy could know, they would be chancing the ruin of their trip in taking on a man whose fishing manners were unknown to them. All this may seem trivial to persons who do not fish, but fishermen will recognize the importance of it.

Here was a situation which required careful handling lest I be dropped from favorable consideration. I knew many ways by which that could be accomplished gracefully, and I credited my two friends with knowing how to do it. My longing to be one of the party was deep and fervent. I did not wish to be dropped. Shamelessly, but with practiced art, I brought my batteries to bear on Douglas. No occasion was overlooked for talking fishing. I intrigued his interest with rods and reels and lines; told him of my past fishing experiences, and in the telling endeavored to answer the questions which I imagined were chasing each other through his "cagey" mind. I affected a modesty entirely foreign to my real make-up. I guarded my technique with meticulous care, alert to detect and correct unfavorable reaction. Slowly, but surely, I saw his doubts disappear; and finally my inclusion in the party, which in the beginning was tentative, became a fixed decision. I had won. I take no shame in this confession of duplicity. But this I will say, if put upon my defense: That I was firmly resolved that if the decision were for my inclusion, I would try to see to it that

my friends should have no reason to regret it; and that if the decision were adverse, I would accept it with fraternal understanding.

So the party was made up: Douglas, McCloy, Ward, and Lowery; and the scene of adventure was to be the Jupiter River, on Anticosti Island. The Island, situated in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, just west of Newfoundland, has an east-west length of 135 miles, and north-south width of 35 miles—a long, narrow strip of land rising to a maximum altitude of 450 feet above sea-level, covered with a dense growth of small spruce. From the east and west central ridge of the Island, which extends its entire length, scores of short, swift streams descend to the sea. Port Menier, the only port and the only town in the Island, is situated at its western extremity. This much and little more, we knew of Anticosti before starting upon our memorable trip.

Between the time of definite decision and the time set for starting, twenty long, weary days intervened. The daily grind of work was now more than welcome, for it ameliorated the misery of waiting. To enthusiastic fishermen, trips of this kind are not casual affairs; they are the important mile-posts of life. When time and place have been settled one must have absorbing work indeed if the mind is to be kept from dwelling unduly upon the coming adventure. Douglas did very well in this respect. The nature of his work compelled him. My own work was less urgent, and at times I faltered. Each of us snatched a few moments for the purchase of additional tackle, and each made a hasty inventory of things to be

taken along. Of course, we decided to "travel light", and of course we did no such thing.

Nothing is easier than to get ready to go a-fishing. One of the most extraordinary phenomena in the world is the orderly disorder which the fisherman affects in the bestowal of his precious duffle—a canvas bag filled with odds and ends: an old coat, waders and shoes, a reel in one drawer and two reels with their lines in another, flies and leaders parked in sundry different places throughout the house, and an old hat with flies stuck through its ragged band. There is always such a hat, and its value is measured by the number of seasons it has seen in service on the stream. To fish without that hat would be unthinkable. And where the devil is that hat?

If the fisherman is married, his wife will upbraid him for his disorder, or for what to her untaught mind seems like disorder. Yet, always, the man is able to find and assemble his outfit in a jiffy. This, of course, makes his wife furious, for she had counted upon the need for her help, and it has not been asked for or accepted. True, the old hat is sometimes difficult to unearth, but ultimately it turns up, and then everything is lovely. The man is ready to catch his train.

CHAPTER IV

A Quiet Spot in New York

*"Serenely full, the epicure would say,
'Fate cannot harm me,—I have dined
to-day.'"*—SYDNEY SMITH.

IN NEW YORK, where I met Douglas and McCloy for the take-off on our long journey to Anticosti Island, we had a curious experience. We were to dine at a place which Douglas had described as 'a quiet little French restaurant, where the food is excellent and a bottle of good wine may be had at a reasonable cost.' It was, he said, a place which his father had discovered and patronized with satisfaction. Douglas and I set out to find the place. McCloy was supposed to know its whereabouts, and was to join us at table. Cruising by taxi, we learned that this well-recommended restaurant had moved to a new location. At last in a dark side street of a very unattractive neighborhood we found it.

After climbing a long, dimly lighted stairway, we arrived by devious turns and narrow passages at a reception room from which the restaurant proper opened. One glance told us that this was not the quiet little French place so highly recommended by Douglas, Senior. It was not his kind of a place at all. On the contrary, it had all the appearances of a third-class speakeasy in the last desperate stage of decadence. A dozen or more couples were

seated at small tables along the walls of two sides of the room. Some were eating and drinking, and all were smoking. Without exception, they looked utterly bored, like an audience kept waiting too long for the opening of the show. As we entered, the conversation of the diners sank to a murmur. All eyes were turned hopefully toward us. And, as though we were the expected curtain-raiser, a blare of the jazziest kind of music was suddenly let loose.

Douglas and I turned to each other in amused surprise, shaking our heads in unuttered dissent. The manager came forward to bid us welcome—a dark young man with glossy hair and furtive eyes. Almost, he fawned upon us. We were made to understand that the guests of honor had now arrived.

We stepped aside for a word in private, but the sleek young man would not have it so. He insinuated his person between us, and at a signal, brought to his assistance two nice looking girls from the hat-checking department. Evidently, "Let no one escape" was the watchword of the place. Our hats were snatched from us, checks thrust into our reluctant hands, and we were fairly pushed toward the dining room, where the bored occupants continued to regard us hopefully.

Stubbornly, we resisted this onslaught of hospitality. Denied our constitutional right to counsel privately, we conferred openly.

"I don't think this is the place my father mentioned," said Douglas to me; and turning to the manager, he added:

"We were looking for a quiet little French place where

we could talk over a dinner and a bottle of wine. This, of course, is delightful, but it does not meet the occasion."

"Mister, this is the very place," insisted the sleek young man.

"Of course it's the place, honey," echoed the check-room twins in unison.

Douglas blushed a bit over that hackneyed term of endearment, and I feared he might weaken. He is a very considerate young man, averse to hurting the feelings of men, and utterly incapable of being ungallant toward a woman. It is different with me. Naturally blunt, and long since wholly disillusioned, I strike in defense of a cause or of my own wishes, without giving much thought to the feelings of others. It seemed apparent that unless I took over the defense, our well-thought-out plan for a quiet conference regarding the important details of our fishing trip would go a-glimmering. Harshly, I intervened with:

"This is not the restaurant your father mentioned. We must have a quiet place where we can talk. This doesn't fit at all."

Douglas, looking down at me with a quizzical expression, nodded assent, and we moved toward the recovery of our hats. The check-room twins turned scornful glances upon me, and showered us with verbal protests:

"No! No! You must not go! You'll have *such* a good time if you stay. We will not let you go."

The dark young man then played a trump card. Tossing his abundant hair, he turned dramatically toward the dining room, and shouted:

"Marie! Marie! Come here quick!"

Marie came trippingly to the rescue, intent on conquest. We took one furtive glance—and then, hastily redeeming our hostage hats, linked arms and went resolutely away from there. Separately, we might not have been able to do it, but with the physical and moral support which comes from touching elbows, we made good our retreat.

Taking up the trail of the elusive McCloy, we ran him down. Under his able guidance, we found a quiet little French place, where the food and wine were excellent and the atmosphere entirely free from other attractions. Of course, before getting down to the serious conference which was the occasion of our meeting, we told McCloy about our weird adventure, expressing the utmost satisfaction with its denouement. In silence, he listened, and at the conclusion of our story said:

"Oh, yeah." A moment later, with an air of studied indifference, he added, "What did you fellows say the number of that place was?"

CHAPTER V

On Our Way

*"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
'To-morrow do thy worst,
for I have liv'd to-day.'"*

—DRYDEN.

IT WAS ten o'clock of a Wednesday night, and we were off on our adventure. We had met at the train in the Grand Central Station. Our suit-cases and other impedimenta had been stowed away. We were for the moment silent, but it was the silence of complete understanding. The party was still but three,—Ward was to join us at Quebec. Douglas's eyes were heavy from lack of sleep; he had been burning the midnight oil for many weeks. McCloy was wide awake, alert for a fight or for a frolic.

"I thought you fellows were going to travel light," he said in a tone of reproach. "Just look at that stuff. Just look at it."

We looked, and checked up. Douglas had two big suit-cases, a huge canvas duffle bag, two aluminum rod-cases, and a heavy overcoat. Lowery was guilty of having two sizable suit-cases and a leather rod-case so big and so ancient that it might lay claim to being the granddaddy of all rod-cases. He readily admitted there were seven rods in it.

"You're a pair of four-flushers. Travel light, hell," continued McCloy.

Suddenly Douglas gave voice to a thought: "How much trash are you lugging, McCloy?"

"None of your d—— business," replied Mack.

But we made it our business; and on checking up, found that McCloy had with him two enormous bags, six rod-cases, and a metal tackle box nearly half as big as a suitcase. He explained easily, however, that some of the stuff belonged to Ward, and that much of the remainder was brought to supply the things of prime importance that we poor boobys would naturally forget to bring.

"And so, to bed," as good old Samuel Pepys would put it.

Next morning an early breakfast on the train was followed by our arrival in Montreal. We sent our full cart-load of bags and rod-cases to the Windsor Hotel, where we registered and asked for the largest room in the house. We needed it for the proper disposition of our effects, and we got it.

The Windsor is convenient to the railway station, being only two blocks away,—a splendid hotel, built more than thirty years ago—built to last, not to be torn down and replaced by something new in a decade or so. Its exterior walls are dull, with the pleasing color that comes to stone with age and weather; but inside everything is as fresh and spotless as on the day when the famous hostelry first opened its doors. We were enormously pleased with the Windsor, and with the big room so promptly furnished us. Here, the orderly disorder of the fisherman at once resumed its sway.

This is no place for the inclusion of a description of Montreal. I could not do it justice anyway. It is one of the most satisfying cities I have ever visited. This was my first visit in Eastern Canada, but McCloy and Douglas had been there more than once. A wonderful country; and a wonderful people.

We called at the offices of the Consolidated Paper Company, where we were received by Mr. Francois Faure. He told us much of interest about Anticosti, and showed us scores of pictures illustrative of its natural beauty and of its attractions for the lover of outdoor sport. The Island has known but three owners since its discovery in 1534. The first owner was its discoverer, the explorer Joliet. The next owner was Mr. H. E. Menier, of France, who acquired it from the descendants of Joliet. The third and present owner is the Consolidated Paper Company. Ownership carries with it, in practice if not in law, something closely akin to ancient baronial rights.

After a long visit with Mr. Faure, he introduced us to Mr. J. J. Belknap, President of Consolidated Paper Company. We learned that both Mr. Belknap and Mr. Faure were ardent fishermen. Of course, we wished at once that they might be induced to join our party on the Jupiter, and before we left them had their promise that they would try to do it.

I have a crow to pick with Monsieur Francois Faure. A suave man—genial, friendly, and a charming companion withal—yet I owe him a grudge. I like him so well that I can do nothing more than relieve my mind by telling of it. Faure, Douglas, McCloy and I were walking down the

hall together after our visit with Mr. Belknap, when suddenly stopping, Mr. Faure pointed to me and said:

"This is the real fisherman. He will catch more fish than either of you others. I know it. You will see that I am right."

His eyes were twinkling with mischief as he delivered himself of this amazing statement, and I am now inclined to believe he knew exactly what he was doing. There had been no previous discussion of our fishing experiences. Certainly none which could give Mr. Faure any line upon our relative abilities. Speaking strictly for myself, I earnestly affirm that I had not even told him a fishing yarn, and if the other fellows indulged in anything of the kind I had not heard them.

Douglas and McCloy were as astonished as I; and they were shocked—terribly shocked. They turned from Faure to me, and as they looked at me their eyes grew cold and hard, their lips set in straight, thin lines; and I knew in a flash that I was in for the devil of a time. I was to suffer for the sin of Monsieur Francois Faure. And, I did.

We lunched with Douglas's uncle, Mr. Percy Douglas, at his club—a delightful host, a fine luncheon, and a cock-tail so wonderful that I asked for and obtained the recipe for its making. Lest it be lost, I here record it:

Ingredients per person:

One jigger of Gin
 Juice of one-half Lemon
 Level teaspoonful of Sugar
 Small wine-glass of heavy Cream
 Cracked Ice
 Place in shaker, and shake well

It is the smoothest and most satisfying mixed drink I have ever tasted. I have always thought the Jack Rose the king of cocktails. This is the queen, and as would be expected, in delicacy of flavor it is the superior of the king.

Following the cocktail and the luncheon, Mr. Douglas took us for a motor trip through the residence sections of Montreal, and to a point at the very top of the bluff back of the city, affording a bird's-eye view of the city and its water-front on the St. Lawrence River.

Montreal has several shops where fine fishing tackle may be had. We visited all of them in a sort of last chance effort to acquire an additional supply of things which every fisherman regards as essential. Also, we took occasion to purchase a modest stock of wet goods, including several bottles of wine. Douglas and I made the liquor purchases. Feeling certain that he would overrule me, I protested earnestly against the quantity of spirits included in his list. He evaded the issue very neatly.

"Lowery," he said, with a shudder of distaste, "of course, you and I will scarcely touch these hard liquors, but we must do the right thing by McCloy and Ward. Mack is partly Scotch and partly Irish, and you know what that means. I am not certain about Ward, but he is a close friend of McCloy, and I have my suspicions."

Putting it on such ground, I was of course glad to withdraw my objections; in fact, I added two bottles of gin. The comfort of one's friends is not a matter to be overlooked.

There is in Montreal a tackle shop which will delight the heart of every fisherman privileged to visit it,—a little shop one flight up from the street, with neither show-window nor advertising sign to herald its presence. One goes there for the first time because one's friends have been going there for decades and have found it an excellent place to go. The atmosphere of the place is wholesome, for it is that of the woods and streams. It is a workshop where the choicest items of tackle are made or assembled, and where long cherished rods which have been broken may be repaired. The smells of varnish and even of glue are here the most pleasing of smells, for they are in intimate association with rods and lines and feathered lures.

The merchandise and service which this little shop affords may be had for a price, but there are no salesmen—there are only friends and fellow craftsmen. And it is the kind of a shop where the highest service of all is either without price or beyond price—the service which only those who are spiritually akin will render one to the other. In shops of this kind the receipt of such service on an initial visit is a very great compliment indeed.

As might readily be guessed, the shop in Montreal of which I have been speaking, is that of Gulline Brothers. It has been in existence for many years, and more than one generation of the family has taken part in the building of its reputation. The firm stocks no goods for general sale, but upon order will procure for you goods which exactly fit your needs; and the wares it manufactures are made to the customer's order. Much of its custom has

come down to it from sportsmen fathers to sportsmen sons and grandsons.

The three of us spent an hour or more at Gulline Brothers. Our pleasure and appreciation of what we saw were so evident that we were at once made welcome, and before we left the beginning of a mutual friendship had been established. We saw flies in process of making, rods being taken apart and reglued, reels being fitted, lines being dressed, and leaders tied. We saw an assortment of carefully matched silkworm gut of exceptional grade, for the making of exceptional leaders; samples of beautifully tied salmon flies, both wet and dry; splendid tapered lines, and a light trout rod of wonderful balance and action. The proprietor and every man in the shop are keen fishermen. They know the trout and salmon streams of Canada, and Mr. Gulline, Senior, is equally familiar with the best streams of our Western States. There was much talk of favorable places to go, and reminiscences of experiences on this stream and that. There was mention of the fact that the present season had been one of drought, and that all streams in the Province were now very low. Whereupon, "low water flies" were brought out for inspection and discussion. A few things were purchased, and a line which needed attention was dressed for us, but the chief thing we carried away with us was the pleasant recollection of a delightful visit among friends. Later, after arrival on Anticosti Island, we sent back a hurry-up order for several dozen salmon flies, and it is a pleasure to record that these were promptly dressed and sent on to us, and that they were very satisfactory.

In the middle of the afternoon, having reassembled our cartload of bags and rod-cases, to which there were now added two large packages of bottled goods, we entrained for Quebec. Arriving there at nine p. m., we went at once to the Hotel Frontenac, where we were met by Mr. Ward. Our party of four was now complete. I have mentioned before that Ward was (x) of an equation yet to be solved. Almost at once it was made apparent that the value of (x) would be considerable, for he had arranged dinner for us at an hour when dinner was supposed to be over, and preceding the dinner he served us in his room with a drink of Napoleon Brandy. He had also located and visited the good ship *Fleurus*, upon which we were to embark next morning for Anticosti Island.

After dinner we spent an hour on the water-front terrace of the Frontenac. Traffic on the river was still moving, the clanging of bells came faintly over the water from passing boats. A thousand tiny lights danced along the river's edge far below us, and from two distant points on the opposite side of the great river light-houses flashed their blinking signals. It was peaceful and cool and pleasant, and we quit it with reluctance. The first day of our trip, strenuous, interesting, and auspicious of other happy days to come, had closed.

We were up early next morning, for we were to sail at eight. Our reassembled baggage was brought downstairs. It was an imposing pile, even in so large a lobby as that of the Frontenac. Again, (x), who seemed bent upon a satisfactory solution of the equation in which he was a principal factor, gave us a demonstration of his value. He

hustled all that huge pile into a taxi of generous proportions, took a seat alongside the driver, and went on ahead to the *Fleurus*. McCloy, Douglas and I followed at leisure, stopping en route for a few moments at a famous old shop, the proprietor of which was an acquaintance of Douglas. Here, we purchased a few odds and ends, and then went down to the pier and aboard. We found our belongings all neatly stored away in our cabins. That fellow Ward doesn't let the grass grow under his feet.

Messrs. Belknap and Faure were on the deck of the *Fleurus* to bid us welcome. All of us were in happy mood. We were delighted to learn that Mr. Belknap would go through with us to the *Jupiter* for a week's fishing, and that Mr. Faure would go as far as Port Menier, and would later if possible join us on the stream.

Soon after eight o'clock we cast off, and were on our way down stream. The *Fleurus* is a comfortable little boat of about 1,200 tons, having a length of approximately 200 feet. On the cabin deck, which is within the hull, there are ten or twelve nice little cabins and a dining saloon. On the deck above is a small smoking lounge. On the boat deck aft there is space for deck chairs. The *Fleurus* is a steady boat, even in a rough sea, and there was never a moment on the trip when any of us were uncomfortable from the motion.

From Quebec to Port Menier is a voyage of thirty-six hours. Leaving Quebec the morning of Friday, July twenty-eighth, we were due to reach Port Menier about midnight of Saturday, July twenty-ninth. The weather was bright, but the air was quite cool. The *St. Lawrence*

at Quebec is a wide river, and as it approaches the gulf it becomes very wide, indeed. All day Friday the country back of both shores was plainly visible. On both sides, the land rises above the river gently for a distance of a few miles, and then in a series of rolling hills, to low mountain height on the north, and to high hills on the south. The lower lands of the valley and the gradual slopes of the hills are all under cultivation—mostly grass lands, fields of flax and of grain hay. The flax was in full bloom and very beautiful. The rugged hills and mountains are clothed with timber.

Most of the farms, plainly outlined by fences or by difference in cultivation, are long, narrow strips running at right angles from the banks of the stream. At the far end of these strips of farm-lands are the houses and barns. They look very neat and well-kept, as do the fields. Many fine cattle are seen, most of them of dairy breeds. Here and there along the shore are clusters of houses forming little villages, and in each village a church spire with uplifted cross attests the faith of a deeply religious people.

Saturday was overcast and chilly. We were out in the gulf, with no land in sight in any direction. There was a stiff wind, and the sea was quite choppy. Deck chairs, so comfortable the day before, were now discarded, for it was too cold to sit still.

Doctor Holmes, the Company physician, was on board, going to Port Menier to take over the work of the resident physician while the latter was away upon a month's vacation. Holmes is a nice chap, and he likes to fish. There is good salmon and trout fishing in the immediate

vicinity of Port Menier, and I was inclined to think Doctor Holmes would have a finer vacation than his professional brother. I was certain that he too was of that opinion, for whenever the talk was of fishing his eyes danced and his face glowed with interest. Two sisters of a religious order were aboard, also en route to Port Menier. They seemed to be getting a great deal of quiet enjoyment from the voyage.

CHAPTER VI

Port Menier

*"Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short
repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he
goes."*

—GOLDSMITH.

WHEN we awoke Sunday morning we found ourselves at anchor in the bay before Port Menier. We had arrived there during the night. About seven o'clock the anchor was lifted and we crept up to the pier and made fast. We were to remain in Port Menier all day, and go aboard again at night to resume our voyage to the mouth of the Jupiter. The sky was still overcast, and the wind was blowing a gale. It was decidedly cold; and of course, I had brought with me neither overcoat nor sweater. I looked with envy upon Douglas and Ward and Faure in their heavy overcoats, at Belknap in his thick leather jacket, and at McCloy in his two or three layers of sweaters; but when each in turn offered to share with me I lied like a Turk, in fact I affirmed with an air of superiority that I was not a hothouse plant in need of protection against a possible chill. Perhaps my teeth chattered a bit while I was saying this, for Douglas, kind-hearted soul, stripped off his overcoat and insisted upon my taking it.

That made me warm enough to refuse the coat and to possess my soul in reasonable comfort until I should reach the Company store. Once there, I knew exactly what I would buy.

The pier at Port Menier extends into the bay nearly three-fourths of a mile. There is a railroad track on it, over which is operated a gasoline motor-car with flanged wheels. Once ashore, Douglas, McCloy and I concluded, with our usual indiscretion, to walk the ties into town. We were the only ones foolish enough to think of doing that. Certainly, it was an unusual choice with me, for I believe there is wisdom in the advice which runs,—“Never walk when you can ride; never stand when you can sit down; never sit down when you can lie down.” But I was for the moment intent upon making good my boast of being a very hardy individual. We started walking ties, and the ties got harder and further apart as we walked. The wind snatched at us and sought to thrust us off that narrow causeway, but we struggled forward. We had not gone more than two hundred yards when the flanged motor-car overtook us. As we stood aside to let it pass it stopped, and as it remained motionless for a period of time which implied an invitation to climb aboard, we did exactly that. By that time I was so cold that I felt brittle, but red enough to justify my continued claim that I was really suffering from heat. And so, we entered the little town of Port Menier.

We were kindly received by Mr. Townsend, Resident Superintendent of the Island. As soon as I could with decency get in a word, I asked Mr. Townsend whether

the Company's store was by any chance open and where it was situated. He pointed out the store, and assured me it was open. I made for it on the run, and when my companions entered two or three minutes later they found me trying on mackinaw coats that are carried in stock for mid-winter use. The garment I chose was the thickest and heaviest of the entire lot. It came down over the hips half-way to the knee, had a collar nearly twelve inches wide, and it weighed fifteen pounds. I bought it, put it on, and kept it on. Soon afterwards, Mr. Belknap sauntered in, and seeing me wrapped up in my new purchase, remarked:

"Well, well, Lowery's bought himself a heater. Not a bad idea—not bad at all."

After that, my new coat was always referred to as "Lowery's heater."

There is a complete and well-selected stock of goods in the Company's store, and we inspected all of it. Douglas kept glancing round, looking for something which he did not appear to find. Finally, he said:

"Say, fellows, I don't think we've got enough liquid refreshments for the trip."

Seeing my reproachful look, he added hastily, "We have six in the party now, instead of four, and there is always a chance that McCloy . . ."

"What about McCloy?" inquired that worthy one in a tone of challenge.

"Oh, nothing much," replied the innocent Douglas, "except that you might get sick—oh, yes, you might, and

then—well, you know, you might need a considerable stimulant.”

“I might, at that,” said McCloy thoughtfully, “but it isn’t me you’re thinking of.

“No, not entirely,” replied Douglas. “There’s Lowery, and Ward, and Belknap, and”—hopefully—“there’s Monsieur Faure; he might need a lot.”

“You’re a good soul,” retorted Mack, “always thinking of others, and never a thought for yourself.”

Then locking arms, this precious pair broke into a raucous song which had for chorus something like this,

*“We’ll think our thinks, and we’ll drink our
drinks, and raise our glasses on high;
Then all in favor of having a drink,
say, ‘I—I—I.’”*

I am a poor hand at remembering the words of a song, and although I had heard this one often enough, the best I could do was to join heartily in the last three words. This fact, however, is without any real significance.

Having exhausted the possibilities of the commissary, we went with Mr. Townsend to see the fox farm, an enclosure devoted to the breeding and raising of silver foxes. These animals, even when bred in captivity, are shy. Those of the Anticosti farm were no exception, for upon our close approach to the wire in front of a separate den, the imprisoned fox who up to that moment had been enjoying the full space of his private yard, darted into his little house and remained there until we moved away. There were about twenty full-grown foxes in the pens.

All but one were silvers. The exception was the product of a cross between the red fox of the Island and an imported silver. There are many wild foxes on Anticosti. An adjacent building contained the nursery, where there were thirty or more silver youngsters. The season of our visit was that when the fur of the foxes looks its worst. They were interesting, but not beautiful, and the smell of them was unpleasant.

There are something less than one hundred persons living at Port Menier, and during the winter season some of them leave the Island. Every person living there or elsewhere on Anticosti, is an employee of the Company, and every building belongs to the Company. The houses are well built and very comfortable. Perhaps as much as one thousand acres of land is under cultivation for hay. The chief value of the Island is in its spruce and other pulp-wood timber. Except on small tracts in the vicinity of the town, the pulp-wood resources of Anticosti have not been touched. No timber has been cut since the Paper Company acquired title.

The Company derives a considerable annual revenue from the camps maintained on all the best streams for the accommodation of those who love to fish for salmon. In these streams salmon of large size are seldom taken on the fly. The largest fish ever taken in that way on the Jupiter River, which is the largest stream on the Island, were two of twenty-seven pounds each. The average weight of salmon taken is said to be between twelve and thirteen pounds, though that is much larger than the average of those taken by our party. Bernard, who has been

in charge on the Jupiter for many years, says that heavier salmon have been taken in nets, and that he recalls one of fifty-two pounds taken in that way. The largest fish taken by any of our party was one of seventeen pounds—Ward being the lucky man; but we saw in the pools many fish that looked to be thirty pounds or more.

There is a wonderful château on the shores of the bay, about a mile from the town. It was built by Mr. H. E. Menier as a summer home for his family and their guests. Its furniture and its unusual collection of bric-à-brac, rugs, tapestries, etc., have been left untouched by the new owners. Everything is exactly as it was left by the Meniers. Even their photographs and other items of intimate personal belongings are there as of old. Nothing has been changed, nothing disturbed. The Company makes use of the château for the accommodation of its principal officials, and for the entertainment of occasional guests.

The building is of wood construction, very large and rather ornate. There are more than twenty-five bedrooms, and more than a dozen baths with the most up-to-date plumbing, all pipes being of copper or lead. The rooms are large enough for good living comfort. The suite of Madame Menier is especially fine, and is beautifully furnished. The château boasts a secret stairway, which is, alas, no longer secret, for strangers have seen its entrance and its exit. I think every château should have a hidden stair, for mystery enhances charm.

The dining-room of the great building is finished in natural wood. It is of good proportions and in excellent taste throughout. The living room, which is more than

ten feet below the level of the dining-room, is reached from the latter by a very wide, open stair. This room is quite large—probably forty by seventy-five feet—and is more than two stories in height. In fact, its ceiling is the roof of the house, which, in some of its other parts, is of four stories. In both rooms there is considerable symbolic wood carving. The scenes over the great fireplaces are carved in a wood of red color. The work is said to have been done in Sweden. They are well executed, and very attractive. The living room opens upon a terraced lawn, through huge French doors.

Across the wide hall from which the dining-room is reached, there is a very cozy library or den. Here are many books, all beautifully bound. A few steps up from the den, in a little room glazed upon three sides, is a large well-mounted telescope, commanding a sweep of the entire bay and of the sea to the south and west. On the same floor with the dining-room and library are several bedrooms, including the beautiful suite formerly used by Madame Menier. Also, on that floor are the kitchen, pantries, and storerooms. In the kitchen there are rows and rows of bright copper pots and saucepans, and a great coal range at least twelve feet in length.

On all sides of the building, except that which fronts the sea, the grounds are parked. On our first visit a small herd of red deer was seen beneath the trees, within fifty yards of the château. The parking is not fenced or enclosed, and the deer are free to come and go as they wish.

At luncheon, and for the balance of the day, we were the guests of Messrs. Belknap and Faure, at the château. None of us shall ever forget the keen enjoyment of that

day. We were given the run of the house and grounds. We made the acquaintance of the chef, visiting him in his own domain. We turned the pages of the guest-book, in which are the signatures of all who have enjoyed the hospitality of the château since it was built. There are some well-known names upon its pages. I noticed that of Grey of Falloden. He was a good man—I think perhaps a great man—and he was a noted angler. Above all, he loved stream fishing, and his books on the subject make pleasant reading. I have always admired Grey. He was staunch, rather than bold,—a man of character, swerving not at all from his ideals.

All service at the château is after the French mode. Luncheon reminded me of the Hotel Mirabeau, in Paris,—that fine little place at 8, rue de la Paix, where I spent five pleasant months in 1920. Dinner brought to mind similar delightful ones enjoyed with friends at the famous little restaurant in the rue de l'Echelle, owned by Montagne, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, and a famous chef. At dinner in the Château Menier we were served with as wonderful a Rhine wine as I have tasted. We had been speaking of our Chief Executive—of his love for outdoor sports—and expressing the hope that he might some day choose to fish the streams of Anticosti. He was in our minds; and when that exquisite wine appeared we drank of it a toast to the President.

At midnight we went aboard the *Fleurus*; and upon the slate of memory, chalked down the record of a glorious day.

CHAPTER VII

Jonah and the \$2.00 Bills

*"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."*

—ROBERT BURNS.

THIRTY-FIVE miles from Port Menier, on the southern shore of Anticosti, is the mouth of the Jupiter River. We were to arrive there sometime between four and six o'clock of Monday morning, July thirtieth, and it was expected we would land immediately upon arrival. We arrived early enough; but, alas, we did not land immediately. A gale was blowing from the southwest, the sea was very rough, and a terrific surf was lashing the landing beach. There is no bay or shelter here. Unaware of the tossing sea and pounding surf, we slept in peace until seven o'clock. On arising, we were told it would be necessary to await a shift of the wind before it would be safe to attempt a landing. We were loath to believe it, but on going on deck and taking a look at the white-capped rollers, and at the high wall of surf which raced along the beach with each incoming wave, we decided that probably the Captain was right. Anyway, he resolutely forbade any attempt at landing, and we had to make the best of it.

There were long faces at the breakfast table. We were at the threshold of the promised land—looking at it, smelling it, and almost tasting it—but, like the children of Israel, were condemned to wait. Looks of suspicion began to flit across the faces of good comrades. 'Who had sinned in the sight of the Lord?' Perhaps no one. Probably the wind would shift and the sea go down. Belknap assured us heartily that this would happen very soon; these little delays had been known in past years, but they never amounted to more than two or three hours, and this was the first time this season that there had been any landing delay at Jupiter mouth.

Monsieur Francois Faure was not with us, else had I been able to pick the Jonah. Well had he demonstrated that he was the devil's mischief-maker, for at Port Menier he had repeated again and again his assertion that Lowery was the real fisherman of the party, and would take the most salmon. The red shame upon my face, and the deadly glint in the eyes of Douglas and McCloy at each reiteration of that embarrassing and provocative assertion, were oil upon the fire of M. Faure's imagination. He was at the point of predicting how many fish I would take, and the weight of them; but I managed to stave him off, for I knew it might result in murder either on the stream or before we reached it.

We paced the decks, looked at the racing clouds, tested the wind for indications of change in its direction, and frequently we consulted the barometer in the Captain's little retreat on the bridge. The morning passed without improvement in wind or sea or surf.

We were all seated at table for luncheon, when Douglas stalked into the saloon, demanding:

"Who's the Jonah of this party? Who's got a two-dollar bill in his pocket?"

Belknap and Ward entered disclaimers. McCloy looked worried, but kept silent; while I asked in all innocence:

"What's the connection between a two-dollar bill and Jonah? I'll bite."

"All the connection in the world," replied Douglas. "Every sailor on this boat, or on any other boat, knows that two-dollar bills bring bad luck on the sea." And turning to McCloy, he shouted, "I believe in my soul you're the guilty one, Mack; you look like a dog caught stealing sheep! Out with it! Out with it! You sinner! Give me that two-dollar bill!"

McCloy pulled out a wad of bills and began looking them through, concealing his movements from Douglas as well as possible. At that, Douglas pounced upon him. There was a fierce struggle, and McCloy lost the major part of his roll. The triumphant Douglas hastily examined the bills, found one of two-dollar denomination, tore it to bits, and going on deck threw the pieces into the sea. While he was gone Mack retrieved the remaining bills which Douglas had wadded together and thrown in his face, and began a systematic search to see if he could find a mate to the lost bill. He found one, and I think perhaps he found two. Douglas returned to the table, laughing with enjoyment.

"Now, the wind will change," he said. "I got rid of that d—— bill that Jonahed McCloy. The wind is bound to change."

Happening to look at McCloy, and seeing a queer expression on the face of the redeemed Jonah, Douglas again went into swift action. Putting a head-lock on the unprepared McCloy, he compelled him to produce the hidden bill. Folding it once, he started to tear it, and did tear it enough to leave a slit about two inches long running lengthwise of the very middle of the suspected token. Suddenly he desisted, and left the table. Returning after an absence of five minutes, he announced:

"I've put that hoodoo where neither you nor any other Jonah will ever get it, and I've a good notion to put you where you belong,—and that's overboard."

Now, McCloy is as cunning as he is persistent, so I was not surprised to learn later that he didn't cease from investigating the whereabouts of Douglas during that five minutes absence from table, until he had learned all about it. He knew where Douglas had gone, and he knew exactly what he had done, but he kept the knowledge to himself. The story of the two-dollar bill is now suspended. It may reappear at the supper table.

We adjourned to the smoking lounge to smoke, or loaf, or read, or play solitaire, according to individual taste and mood. Belknap and Ward took the situation philosophically, as did I; but McCloy and Douglas fretted and fumed, and the latter wondered whether or not 'some other benighted son-of-a-gun' had a two-dollar bill on his person. He made a bet with McCloy that we would

not land within thirty-six hours from the time of our arrival. I was made stake-holder.

I had made no specific denial of being the Jonah of the occasion, and I thought Douglas wanted to put me on the rack about it, but that he refrained out of respect for my gray hairs. I am, of course, speaking figuratively, although if one looks closely one will see that there are a few hairs left around the edges of my polished dome, and that they are gray. Nevertheless, I was almost immediately made subject to a different form of attack—one in which Douglas and McCloy could take common ground.

"Say," said McCloy, addressing me, "we ought to call you 'Izaak Walton.' You've fished all over the world, including New Zealand, and you've caught ten-pound trout, and all that. What about it, Izaak?"

"Sure, we'll call him Izaak Walton," Douglas chimed in. "He's old Izaak come to life again—come to catch all the big salmon in the Jupiter. Izaak—Sir Izaak—it's up to you to make good."

"Tell us how you do it, Izaak. Your book is out of date, and we would rather have you tell us, than bother with reading it," resumed McCloy.

The fat was in the fire. My atonement for the sin of Francois Faure was beginning to take on form. I could not fight back, for the attack was indirect and elusive. The best I could do was to follow the method of the small boy who, aggrieved over being called a hard name, counters with another of the same kind, or makes a face, or sticks out his tongue. I have passed the age when

making faces or sticking out the tongue is considered polite or even effective, so I retorted in kind:

"All right, McCloy, you've dubbed me 'Izaak', and the gang of you will make it stick, but you'll need a nickname too, and if you ask me I'll say you are 'Daniel Boone'—good old Daniel Boone. Have you met any grizzly bears recently, Daniel?"

Douglas and Ward and Belknap shouted approval, for McCloy is hunter as well as fisherman, and he had been telling us of his adventures in hunting grizzly bears in British Columbia. The mood for camp nicknames was on, and before it left us McCloy was 'Daniel Boone', Douglas was 'Morpheus' (because he slept on every possible occasion), Ward was 'Sir Francis', and I was 'Izaak Walton'. My new name stuck like a burr, and 'Daniel Boone' stuck nearly as well. Douglas was 'Morpheus' whenever we caught him indulging in his favorite pastime, but the name never became riveted to him. We have since regretted that we didn't fasten something more picturesque on Ward, and that we never found anything which could be hung on Belknap. The rechristening of the gang gave vent to pent-up emotions, and from then on tension was greatly relaxed.

"Izaak," said McCloy, "'tis said you're a writer as well as a fisherman. I move, therefore, that you be commissioned to keep the records of this trip, and that you be required to write a history of it."

"Second the motion," said Ward.

"Carried," they all shouted in unison.

"Let's have a drink," said Douglas.

"Very well," I replied, "I'll keep the score, and I'll write a history of this trip. But tell me this: shall I be permitted to tell the truth,—the whole truth?"

The four tormenters looked thoughtfully at each other and at me. After a moment, Morpheus said:

"Yes, Sir Izaak, you will be permitted, in fact you will be required to speak the truth; and if you don't, or if you trifle with the score,—well, in that event, you had better hide out for a long, long time."

"Don't hurt his feelings, Morpheus," said Daniel Boone. "Izaak Walton could not possibly lie. He has a reputation to live up to; and besides, I am going to check that score myself."

From where we lay at anchor, we could see the headquarters house on the shore above the beach, and with a glass could see what was going on there. We knew there was a party of four sportsmen waiting to come aboard the *Fleurus*. Mr. George Whitney and his son, of New York, were two of the four. They had been fishing the *Jupiter* for a week, and were going on to the north shore of the Island to fish the Salmon River. We could see the members of the party walking restlessly up and down the beach, stopping to look at the sky, and now and then skipping stones across the water. They were just as anxious to get aboard the *Fleurus* as we were to leave her. Once a group of men on the shore attempted to launch a boat through the surf, but they were driven back.

At five o'clock the sea was a little smoother, and the Captain lowered the motor launch and sent it toward the shore. It had no difficulty in approaching within a short

distance of the beach, but made no attempt to land. For half an hour it cruised along the shore outside of the breakers as though seeking a way through. When the boat returned to the *Fleurus*, the officer who had taken it out reported there wasn't a chance of getting through the surf without a smash-up. So, we reconciled ourselves to the probability of another night on board.

Once more we were gathered at the dinner table. Douglas, as usual, was the last to come in. He had been sleeping. He picked up his napkin, and then stared in amazement at something which had been hidden beneath it. His raised hand with the napkin in it, his face, his body—all made a picture of arrested motion. His countenance was expressive of disbelief and chagrin,—for there on the cloth before him was the identical two-dollar bill which he had confiscated and disposed of at luncheon. He took it up and examined it critically, turning it over and over. The two-inch tear running lengthwise in the center of the bill was there; the paper was a little stiff, as though it had been soaked with water and afterwards dried. Turning to McCloy, who was looking down at his plate with the most innocent of expressions, he snapped:

"Damn you, McCloy, where did you get this hoodoo?"

"Who? Me?" said McCloy. "I think you put it there yourself. In fact, I think you've had it all the time. You might tear up one bill, but you're too tight to tear up two of them. It's my money, and you stole it, but I can stand the loss. Keep the d—— thing if you want it."

Douglas put the bill in his pocket, and during the entire meal his face was a map of bewilderment. He appeared

to be thinking—thinking—thinking—turning the matter over in his mind this way and that, checking his recollection of exactly what he had done at luncheon, and of what McCloy had done afterwards. But his thinking got him nowhere. Through some foul means, McCloy had sucked the egg and hidden the shell.

Late that night, McCloy told the story of the adventure of the torn bill. He told it in detail, convincingly. He had learned that upon leaving the luncheon table, Douglas, having searched for and found a bit of heavy metal, and having wrapped the condemned bill around it, had consigned the whole to the bottom of the sea. Douglas confirmed the truth of this. An hour or two later, McCloy asserted, he was watching two members of the crew who were fishing with hand-lines over the stern of the boat. Suddenly, they saw what looked like a piece of paper money floating on the surface of the water under the boat's stern. The sailors saw it, and McCloy saw it. With a little work and care one of the sailors managed to snag the paper with the hook at the end of his fishing line. It was hauled up carefully, retrieved, examined—and it was a two-dollar bill, with a two-inch tear down the middle of it—the identical bill that Douglas had taken from McCloy at luncheon. Knowing that all bills of this denomination were bad luck pieces put into circulation by the devil, the worthy sailor gladly turned it over to the more practical McCloy. The latter dried it, and deposited it under Douglas's napkin. With a straight face, he explained that Douglas's act in destroying good money had seemed to him singularly inappropriate to a man of

his background and position, and that it was his hope that the shock of finding the bill would restore his friend to sanity. Douglas gulped and nearly strangled on hearing this, but let it pass without remark. From that time to this, McCloy has earnestly insisted that his story was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. There is an old saying that 'truth is sometimes stranger than fiction,' but with McCloy on the fiction end, I wouldn't be too sure of it.

Tuesday morning at five o'clock the pajama-clad figure of Daniel Boone appeared in my cabin. His face was alight with excitement.

"Izaak, get up and get ready," he said. "We're going ashore."

"Hooray!" I shouted. "How about the others? Have you routed them out?"

"You bet I have," he replied. And as he darted away, called back over his shoulder, "Make it snappy, Izaak, we've got to move before the sea comes up again."

I was on deck within ten minutes, and found the others there. The sea was still rough, but the wind had shifted and the surf had subsided materially. I learned that Mr. Whitney's party had managed to launch a boat about one o'clock, and were now on board. By five-thirty we had embarked, and in a few moments were safely ashore. The launch returned for our baggage, and within half an hour it was stacked on the platform back of the headquarters house.

Almost at once, we learned that the sea and surf of Sunday and Monday had thrown up a solid dam of rock

and earth across the mouth of the Jupiter. It was a substantial dam, high enough and wide enough to keep the river's mouth blocked until the next heavy freshet should wash it out. There had been no rain for more than two months, and there was no present sign of rain. We learned that up to the time of the storm the run of salmon into the river had been constant. While still on the Fleurus, we could see a large number of seals in the vicinity of the stream's mouth, and were told they were feeding on the salmon which were gathering there for their journey to the spawning beds in the fresh water. Of course, we realized that so long as the river remained blocked no new supply of fish could enter, and that this would in a short time seriously affect the fishing. We talked with Bernard about having a trench dug through the obstruction, but there were neither tools nor labor at hand to do this.

The Fleurus had arrived at Jupiter mouth Monday morning at six o'clock. We landed Tuesday morning at about the same hour. The delay in landing was therefore twenty-four hours instead of thirty-six. Douglas lost his bet, and as stake-holder I paid it over to McCloy immediately after stepping out of the launch.

"I can always beat that sucker," chortled McCloy.

CHAPTER VIII

A Detour

*"To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake."*

—POPE.

AT THE beginning of this history I said that to permit the building of background I would interrupt the relation of events wherever I chose, and that there might be detours. I have now come to a point where sequence shall stand aside for a bit of abstract speculation, which may or may not furnish background for the story.

Knowing that each of my select audience of three has something of an analytical complex, I invite them to ride with me over a little detour of speculation as to why men go fishing when they don't need to, and as to why some men are never satisfied to fish in home waters. Although I really do not know the answers I shall write as though I do. Ignorance in the role of instructor is nothing new among historians, and bare assertion is often convincing in proportion as it is dogmatic. And if in the process of the discussion, I should appear to throw a few bouquets to the sportsman type to which my select audience of three obviously belongs, they will the more easily forgive me for including myself in that type. If I thought they would refuse me that boon I should perhaps give them a less flattering classification.

In the dawn of the human era, men were perforce hunters and fishers and diggers of roots. The urge to do these things was the urge of hunger. Racial habit becomes instinct; and I think perhaps the present-day sportsman owes his love of the pursuit to the survival of that primal urge, and that the present-day lover of the soil may trace his longing for the 'good earth' to the same source. The needs of the stomach once held despotic sway over all mankind. For hundreds of millions that sway has not greatly relaxed, but for other millions it has entirely disappeared. Yet men who have no need to do so, still hunt, and fish, and till the soil. The humble and scarcely to be mentioned stomach, if no longer supreme, is still persuasive. Its ancient commands are potent in a new form, —racial instinct.

I think the desire to hunt and fish has become instinctive; but in the means of satisfying the desire, and in the degree of sacrifice which men will make for its satisfaction, there is great diversity. Men who do their fishing within the close of luxurious clubs; men who in their hunting prefer the driven quarry, are easily understood. In these, the instinct to kill has survived, but the instinct to pursue has been so diluted that it will not countenance either exertion or discomfort.

Much more difficult to understand are the men who, accustomed to the major comforts of civilization, and able to command them, prefer, nevertheless, to find their fishing and hunting in the wilderness,—to follow it as nearly as possible after the ancient manner. With such men, the instinct to pursue is much stronger than the instinct to kill.

But the full measure of sacrifice which some of them will make, and even insist upon making as a matter of deliberate choice, seems to require further explanation.

For instance, why, in the name of common sense, should such men as Douglas, McCloy, Ward, and Lowery, insist upon traveling a thousand miles or more in order to do their fishing in a wilderness? Why should I have traveled to New Zealand to fish the Tongariro, or to Hazelton to fish the streams of British Columbia? Some reason, or at least some excuse, must be found for our behavior, or else we must be prepared to admit that we are naturally foolish. Douglas and McCloy and Ward will object to any such admission as to them, and I won't make it for myself if I can find any other way out. Perhaps the explanation lies in the probability that a certain American influence has clutched us more firmly than it has those others who are content to fish in home waters, or within the confines of club preserves. I have in mind the influence of the frontier,—the influence that stiffened the fiber of our pioneer citizens, and which perhaps reaches through the past and makes many of us pioneers in spirit, in an age when the frontier of our country has been wiped out.

America has grown to her present stature by constant pressure against a vast frontier. In the history of that struggle may be traced the character growth of a people. It has left its mark upon our customs, our institutions, our literature, and upon our mode of thought. It was a Spartan influence, stern and hard and relentless; but it nurtured and brought safely to maturity a great nation. The frontier has passed, and the influence of its conquest

is waning. Even the memory of it is growing dim. Of late, a change seems creeping upon the character of our people. Once we were proud to stand; now we seek as of right something to lean upon. Strength is condemned, and weakness is exalted.

Frankly, I mourn the passing of our frontier, and I lament what I conceive to be the passing of the self-reliant spirit which fought the frontier and conquered it. Throughout the pages of history, I have read similar laments, and history has in the main recorded them as groundless. I witnessed the last great phase of frontier conquest, and I have witnessed the opening phase of industrialism. We must give allegiance to the present; but my love and deepest loyalty cling stubbornly to something which has gone forever.

Of my three friends, Douglas has had much actual experience of the frontier, McCloy a little, Ward perhaps none at all,—but all three are steeped in its best traditions. Their high regard and love of it are almost instinctive.

Somewhere in this speculative thesis may be found the real explanation of why we went so eagerly to Anticosti, of why McCloy hunted grizzly bears in British Columbia, and of why I went to New Zealand and to Australia.

We had come to Anticosti in pursuit of a receding frontier. We longed for the hardships that are supposed to go with a wilderness, and there is no gainsaying the fact that Anticosti is a wilderness. Except for the little summer community at Port Menier, the Island is uninhabited. On each of the streams that are fished for salmon there are one or two log camps, and a few men to look after

the needs of the sportsmen who come to fish. These men leave the streams at the close of the season.

In the winter the owners of the Island carry on a little trapping. Bears, foxes, beavers, and minks, are native to the soil, and the Company has introduced muskrats. These have thrived so well that their trapping will be undertaken in another year. In addition to the furbearers, red deer are very numerous, and elk (imported) fairly so. All the animal folk that belong to the northern wilderness are to be found upon Anticosti.

There are no roads or trails, but there are telephone wires strung from tree to tree, and occasionally from pole to pole, leading from Port Menier to the fishing camps on a score of streams. There is a daily patrol of the entire Island by seaplane, to watch out for fires and for fur poachers from the mainland. A Company boat from Quebec visits the Island once a week during the summer, and not at all during the winter. Radio communication is maintained with the outside the entire year.

Anticosti has all the natural fittings for the most delightful wilderness hardships; in fact, the hardships are really there for the fortunate ones who wrest a living from the woods and streams. But they are denied to the guest who has perhaps crossed a continent to search them out and claim them for his own. As he advances upon them with eagerness, they elude him and vanish. It is all very tantalizing. Ward, who was new to the wilds, took it all for granted. I resented the facilities for ease, but soon capitulated. True, I blushed with the shame of it, but quickly learned to drown my sorrows in the stream. Douglas held

out longer, and blushed furiously from time to time,—but he fell. He, too, drowned his sorrows, but not in the stream. McCloy never wholly capitulated and he has never learned to blush. Having no sorrows of his own to drown, he helped drown those of Douglas. Good old Daniel Boone—he is the most tender-hearted of companions.

Take the matter of transportation: We had counted upon using our own legs, but were never allowed to do so to any great extent. In a vague way, we had known there would be a boat on the Jupiter, and that it would be dragged hither and yon by a stout horse; but we had supposed it was used only in the transport of camping equipment. It never occurred to us that this talked of boat was used to deprive the worthy fisherman of the God-given right to walk. Had we known that, we should perhaps have gone no further east than Quebec. Perhaps we should have struck northward from there in scorn and rejection of anything less than the wilds of the North. I say '*perhaps*'. Be that as it may, we came to Anticosti; and having come, made shift to get all the wild we could out of the wilderness at hand.

Cleopatra's Barge was our undoing. We could resist neither the sight of it nor the name of it. We were wooed to softer moods, soothed with languorous associations, betrayed by fantasies of the Nile. The beautiful mistress of ancient Egypt and her famous lovers passed in daily review before us. The great queen enslaved the souls and bodies of her Roman conquerors, and Cleopatra's Barge of the Jupiter River enslaved four earnest souls who had journeyed a thousand miles in search of wilderness hardships.

This barge de luxe is the flagship of a little fleet of three. It is reserved for the transportation and comfort of the sportsmen guests. The other two alternate in the humbler capacity of food and baggage transports.

Cleopatra's Barge is worthy of description: A flat bottom boat about thirty feet long, ten feet wide in the center, tapering to about five feet at the ends. Its depth is thirty inches. It is not decked over, but there is an eight-inch plank extending inward along the gunwale, which, in addition to protecting the passengers from splashed water, affords a precarious seat for such thoughtful ones as wish to let the water drain from their waders before stepping aboard.

The sides of the barge are of one-inch plank. There is a double bottom, the outer one being made of one and three-quarter-inch hardwood planks. A compartment is boarded off at the stern for the steersman and his assistant, and there is a larger one in the bow for the storage of camp equipment and goods. The intervening space is divided into five compartments, by board partitions twelve inches high. One of these, across the center of the boat, is used for the storage of passengers' luggage during hours of travel, and for the reception of a wide board table when meals are served. Board table and board table-seats are, of course, removable by the simple operation of lifting them from the frames at either side of the boat upon which they rest. The table has quite a number of round three-inch holes bored through it, with a cord net beneath each hole. These are for the safe holding of such things as pepper and salt containers and bottles of more precious

stuff. When table and seats are not in use they are stowed away in the bow compartment of the barge. The remaining space in the bottom of the capacious boat is divided into four bunks, in each of which is a thick, comfortable mattress with pillows. Over all, is a canvas canopy supported on stanchions along the sides, and there are curtains of canvas which can be let down instantly in the event of a hard rain, or for protection against the sun, if that should be desired.

The barge is drawn by two heavy draft-horses hitched to separate ropes more than eighty feet long attached to a ring in the bow. Each horse has a collar and hames, with heavy straps running back to a padded singletree held in place high up on the horses' haunches by means of crupper-straps. The horses used have become so accustomed to the presence of the singletrees upon their haunches that they do not appear to resent it, and the wooden sticks are so cleverly padded that they do not even disturb the hair.

Cleopatra's Barge flies the Union Jack as bravely as any ship of the line.

CHAPTER IX

A Journey of Repose

"Hang sorrow! Care'll kill a cat."

—BEN JONSON.

THE main camp on the Jupiter is at Lord Grey's Pool, twelve miles from the sea. Between the river's mouth and the main camp there are only two pools frequented by salmon. The first is three miles up, and the second six miles. Soon after landing we were served with an excellent breakfast at the headquarters house. Bernard, who is head man on the Jupiter, is also the chef—a peripatetic chef—moving with his guests up and down the stream, practicing his art at whatever place the whim or hunger of his charges may call him to his pots and pans. A coal range, a stone fire-place, or a fire of driftwood on the beach, are all one with Bernard. His reserves of patience and good humor are inexhaustible, which is indeed fortunate, for fishermen are always hungry and often late in coming to table.

While the supplies and luggage were being placed aboard the Cleopatra and her lesser consort, we fishermen went forward afoot, intent on reaching Three Mile Pool for a try at the salmon before the slow-moving barge should reach there. Douglas, McCloy, and Ward were the first to get away. Belknap and I followed at leisure. Walking

was enjoyable, for although the sun was bright, the air was cool. Sometimes we walked through the woods, and sometimes upon the flood reaches of the beach. The country rock is soft limestone, and the stones and pebbles of the beach are for the most part thin and flat rather than spherical, so that walking upon them is not at all difficult.

When we reached Three Mile Pool we found McCloy and Douglas fishing industriously, with Ward looking on. Mack had taken one fish, Douglas none,—but each told of the loss of a very large salmon. In the formal language of polite society, Belknap and I expressed the deepest sympathy, but for reasons explained in Chapter II, we couldn't in the least believe their stories, and I am certain they were made to comprehend it.

Among fishermen, only the novice is surprised when his stories meet with disbelief. The experienced ones realize that a curse of some kind hangs over them. They have a shame-faced manner when they begin the relation of their losses, but it doesn't spring from an accusing conscience. On the contrary, it has its origin in the knowledge that they are about to suffer the injustice of disbelief. In spite of long experience, every fisherman cherishes the hope that some day, some time, the spell will lift and that he will tell a story that will be believed.

We did not join in the fishing at Three Mile Pool. We could see Cleopatra's Barge and its consort coming slowly up the winding river, and knew that the time for embarkation would soon arrive. There is keen satisfaction in watching others fish, and in criticizing their methods. It

is just like 'driving from the rear seat.' Belknap and I enjoyed this privilege to the full, looking on with a patronizing air, and offering advice.

"Izaak," said the exasperated McCloy, "put your rod together and begin to perform. We know you're the champion, all right, but we'd like to see a little action."

With considerable dignity, and an expression of indifference, I declined. I had seen McCloy and Douglas in action, and realized at once that the former would run circles around me in a contest for fishing honors, and that the latter would not have to extend himself much to do the same thing. 'Youth will be served', and these were young men of experience. Cursing the absent Francois Faure heartily, I began to plan how I might extricate myself from the embarrassment following upon his mischievous assertion of my superiority. Douglas and McCloy had taken that proxy challenge at par, and were out to slaughter me. To make a showing against these fellows, I would have to fish every day and every hour of the day, and in the end it would not do any good, for they would meet me at that game and run me ragged. To fish all day and every day isn't my idea of a good time. I love to loaf along the stream, to lie on the bank and smoke and dream, to watch companions fish, and offer them sage advice. Even in youth, furious effort had no appeal for me, and it is now positively abhorrent. Since I could not hope to match this pair in action on the stream, I decided to outwit them if possible by successful evasion of the issue. Even in this, I did not feel too confident of success.

For a poor, tired, indolent old fisherman, I was certainly in one devil of a corner.

The two barges crept slowly toward us. The river was very low, and the water so shallow at points of rapid flow that the barges rested upon the rock bottom, over which they had to be dragged by main strength. The Jupiter is a succession of pools, riffles, and rapids. When the stage of water is normal or high the three merge gradually, and any boat of light draft will float at all places. But when the stream is low, it is a different story.

McCloy and Douglas ceased fishing and joined us in watching the approaching boats. Cleopatra's Barge came first, drawn by two great horses, harnessed, saddled, and ridden by Moreau and Edouard. Seated in the stern, with the long steering oar in his grasp, was Bernard, and at his side his youngest son, a boy of fifteen. The smaller barge was also drawn by two large horses, on which were mounted Antoine and Andre. Charles, who, as it turned out, acts in camp as assistant chef and waiter, now played the equally important part of steersman of the supply consort. Moreau and Edouard, having passed us by nearly the length of the tow-ropes, suddenly raced their mounts to the right, away from the beach, and grounded the barge de luxe within a few feet of where we stood. The other barge was beached a few yards below.

Captain Bernard thereupon courteously invited us to come aboard. We stared curiously at our bateau. Here was no orderly disorder of the fisherman. Everything was stowed away with the neatness of the mariner. There was a place for everything, and everything was in its

place. Our personal baggage and rod-cases were piled in the compartment across the center of the boat. In the bow were boxes of supplies and a great wicker hamper filled with food and table service for luncheon on the stream. Four or five landing nets, with hoops as large as barrel tops were laid carefully on top where they would be readily accessible if needed. Along the stanchions at the left side of the boat were deeply bent iron hooks for the reception of fishing rods, permitting them to be carried without being taken down, so that they would be ready for instant use. In the other compartments were four thick mattresses with fat pillows and soft blankets.

Bernard, seeing our surprise and interest, smiled in pride of his beloved barge, and again invited us to come aboard. Belknap, who, by virtue of his Presidency of the Consolidated Paper Corporation Limited, is the Baron of Anticosti, and lord of all thereon, looked at the inviting outfit, sharing the pride of Bernard but trying to conceal it. We four from the States, who had come in search of wilderness adventure, were thrown off balance, nonplused. We looked at each other sheepishly, and grinned.

"This is going to be tough, fellows," said Douglas.

"All the comforts of home, including daybeds," remarked Ward.

"Mattresses and pillows and blankets. Will you wake me up when the fish are biting?" said I.

"Climb in, you fellows," said McCloy. "Don't you know how to behave in civilized society?"

With a sigh and a blush, I started to climb aboard, when McCloy halted me.

"Take off your boots before you get into that bed, Izaak. You're not in a mining camp, so mind your manners," he warned.

So we stowed away our rods along the hooks prepared for them, sat on the edge of the boat to remove our boots, slipped carefully over the side, and settled down at full length upon the waiting mattresses.

"Allons!" shouted Bernard; and at the command, Moreau and Edouard urged their mounts into the stream, took up the slack of the long ropes at a trot, and started us on our way.

"Pretty soft," said Ward.

"Pretty soft," echoed Belknap.

"Be quiet, you boobs," said McCloy. Then, half rising to take a look at Douglas, he added, "Don't you see that Morpheus is sleeping?"

We looked, and sure enough, he was sleeping. 'Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care.' Morpheus always had a raveled sleeve needing repair, and I am free to admit that he gave it the most careful attention.

At twelve o'clock we went ashore for lunch. Coffee was brewed, and an excellent meal served from the hamper. Soon we were on our way again, all of us stretched out in comfort, and Morpheus absorbed with his knitting. Happening to wake up as we were passing a little pool just below the main camp, Morpheus routed out McCloy, and the pair of them dropped off to try their luck, agreeing to join us at Grey's Pool within an hour.

The camp at Grey's Pool is usually referred to as Twelve Mile Camp. It is beautifully situated at the edge

of the forest, on the east bank of the stream. The beach is immediately below, the river within a stone's throw, and the big pool fifty yards or so up-stream against the opposite bank, which at this point forms a high vertical cliff. Even at low water, the pool is fairly long and wide, and very deep against the cliff. We were told that when the river is high there is room for five rods at the pool. During our visit the stream was very low, and basing our judgment upon the experience of our own party, it is our opinion that Grey's Pool in any normal stage of water should not be fished by more than two rods.

The camp at Twelve Mile is of log construction, and very comfortable. In the main building there are four bedrooms for guests and one for guides; a bathroom, a dining room, a kitchen, and a small room off the kitchen which serves for the accommodation of Bernard and his boy. Back of the main building the ground rises sharply to a wooded plateau, perhaps as much as forty feet above the cabin level. Twenty-five yards from the kitchen, against the slope of this rise, is the ice-house. Seventy-five yards beyond the other end of the building is a cabin for guides, and a stable and corral for the horses.

Every man on the staff performs a double duty. When the flotilla is in motion, Moreau, Antoine, Edouard, and Andre ride the horses that furnish motive power, while Bernard, Charles, and Bernard's boy act as steersmen. Ashore, the four first-named attend the fishermen on the stream, netting the fish instead of gaffing them, changing flies, pointing out the best places to cast, and otherwise affording help which their intimate knowledge of the

stream makes possible. Bernard becomes the chef, with Charles as assistant in the kitchen and at table. The boy is everywhere, the friend and helper of all the others.

Having in mind the fact that the energetic Douglas and McCloy were already at work in some pool below, and wishing at least to prove to them that I could take an occasional salmon if sufficiently provoked or prodded into action, I lost no time in getting into my waders and sauntering to the river. Perhaps I did not really saunter; certainly, I did not run, although I was eager enough to wet a line. Belknap and Ward prepared in leisurely fashion, and were not very long behind me at the water. Both used light, two-handed rods. I used my favorite trout rod of four and a quarter ounces. Almost immediately, I was fast to a nice fish, which I played and brought safely to net. Below me in the pool, Belknap's reel was singing, and I saw with delight the leaping play of his fish. Ward, the novice, started his practice in a determined and promising manner, but for a long time got no results.

The pool afforded a busy scene as Douglas and McCloy came by. Their efforts below had been barren of results. After watching our battery of three rods for a few minutes, they went on up-stream to fish the Turgeon, less than a mile away. Grey's Pool is a sweet pool to fish, but it takes a day or two to get the hang of it and to know where the fish lie that may be tempted to take the lure. I took a second salmon and a fighting grilse, lost a whopper, and then retired for the day. Later, Belknap took his second salmon, and Ward, who had been casting steadily for more than two hours without any success,

and who was almost at the point of giving it up for the day, hooked, played, and landed the largest salmon taken by any of us on the trip,—a fish of seventeen pounds. He handled the situation like a veteran, but when the fish was safely netted, found himself shaking with the excitement of the fight. At once, the prize was taken to camp, where it was weighed, measured, and admired, for it was a very beautiful fish. Soon afterwards, Douglas and McCloy showed up. They had drawn blank at the Turgeon.

"What luck did you have, Ward?" inquired Douglas.

"Oh, I got a nice grilse," replied Ward.

"Let's see him," said McCloy.

When Douglas and McCloy saw Ward's grilse they were amazed.

"Fran," said McCloy, "you think you hooked and landed a salmon, but you're wrong. That salmon hooked and landed you. He's settled your hash, and you'll never get away. You'll be a fool fisherman for the rest of your life, and I'm glad of it."

Evening approached, and the great pool darkened in the shadow of the cliff. Douglas and McCloy, spurred by the success of Ward, fished like fiends. Resting in easy-chairs upon the cabin porch, Belknap, Ward and I watched their efforts with languid interest. We heard their laughter, and occasionally the thrilling whir of reels as some stout salmon accepted the challenge of the feathered lure. We saw the flash of leaping fish, and the tragedy of the netted victim. The pair came late to dinner, triumphant in a belated success. Douglas had taken three good fish; McCloy, two.

"Sir Izaak," said Douglas, "call the roll of the day, and don't forget your own score."

"Very well," I replied.

"*Belknap?*" "Two."

"*Ward?*" "One. But think of the size of him!"

"*McCloy?*" "Three; and all on the dry fly."

"*Douglas?*" "Three; and oh, they were bonny fighters!"

"*Lowery?*" "Two salmon and a grilse. But at the head of the pool I played and lost. . . ."

"Wait a minute, Izaak, wait a minute!" interrupted McCloy. "That's unfair competition, and not permitted under the code."

Silenced for the moment, I could not help but wonder whether it was the curse of Noah or the indiscretion of Francois Faure that was gnawing the vitals of Daniel Boone. Oh well, the story will keep, and it shall lose nothing from the lapse of time.

CHAPTER X

A Typical Day on the Jupiter

*"I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran."*

—DRYDEN

ON AUGUST 3 we voyaged from Twelve Mile to Thirty Mile Camp. It was a day crammed with interesting events—a merry day for all of us. We were up early, so that the bedding and supplies in use at Twelve Mile might be stowed on the barges for an early start upstream. It was about six o'clock when I was awakened by the choral efforts of Douglas, McCloy, and Ward, singing a song which, had it been overheard by hostile critics, might have been the cause of international complications. They sang it in all innocence, for they were interested in volume of sound rather than in sentiment. The volume was tremendous, the sentiment terrifying, but they evinced the utmost satisfaction in their efforts. I remember some of the verses, and would like to record them, but I shall not; I dare not. I tried to snatch a few minutes of additional sleep, but the abominable roar of that industrious trio would not permit. I crawled reluctantly out of my warm nest, and had scarcely reached the bathroom when Antoine and Charles appeared and snatched away mattress and covers. Willy-nilly, I was up for all day.

Breakfast, served with speed and eaten with relish, was soon finished. Everything needed for the trip and at the camp above was quickly stored in the two barges, and a little after seven o'clock we were off. Cleopatra's Barge, with Bernard at the helm, Moreau and Edouard in the saddles, led the way. The day was too young to invite repose, so we sat along the gunwale of the boat or upon piles of bedding, and enjoyed the passing sights. A doe and fawn drinking at the water's edge were so little disturbed by our presence that they trotted to the fringe of the forest and stood there watching us as we passed. A little further up we saw two more does and their fawns, and a full-grown buck. The latter scampered away and out of sight, but he did it with more or less deliberation and with frequent stops to look back at us. There is not much bird life on this portion of the Island, but we saw a few of the feathered tribes, and high aloft a pair of eagles were soaring. At every point where a little tributary joined the Jupiter, there was evidence of the presence of beavers,—the brush and log dams of former seasons, and the freshly cut saplings of the present year.

We passed the Turgeon without stopping, though there were many salmon in it. They moved quickly to the further shore as the barge came into the pool. Frequently the stream makes a sharp turn, nearly always at some point where a rapids hurries down a visible decline into the more quiet water below. At such turns the maneuvers of our two riders of the tow were interesting. They had made these turns so often that they, and their mounts as well, knew exactly what to do. Moreau, at the left, kept

on straight ahead, but as soon as Edouard at the right had passed the rapids he crossed the stream to the right at a sharp trot. When Edouard had taken up the slack of his rope, Moreau also turned somewhat to the right, until by their joint efforts the barge was dragged up the incline of the right-hand turn. Thereupon, both Moreau and Edouard raced their horses to the left, and the obedient barge took the new direction of the stream. At a few such places the water was so low that the barge dragged painfully on the bottom, and we lightened the load by getting out and walking a short distance. In one instance of a particularly shallow stretch of river, all of us walked for a mile. With the exceptionally low stage of water which prevailed during the time of our visit, progress was at the rate of approximately two and one-half miles an hour.

It was upon this trip to Thirty Mile Camp that Ward left the novice class and took his place in the company of seasoned anglers.

The stream fisherman, if he is to become proficient, must serve an apprenticeship. It will be of long or short duration, according to his natural capacity and his diligence. The novice who begins his apprenticeship under a master of technique is fortunate, and he is doubly fortunate if his first efforts are guided by a man who in mastering his art has mastered himself, for self-mastery implies among other things, good humor, poise, tolerance, and consideration for the rights of others. The possessor of these qualities has of course learned that it is not all of fishing to catch fish.

Our friend Ward, (x) in the equation mentioned in previous chapters of this history, began his fishing career

under favorable circumstances, for Daniel Boone became his tutor. I must not speak too favorably of Daniel, for he will be one of my readers, and the rascal might think I am trying to flatter him, or worse still, to patronize him. Far be it from me to flatter, much less to patronize, such a devil-may-care person as Daniel Boone. Rather, would I humble his pride and chasten his spirit; but being an angler, and an honest man, this much must I say for him: that he has gone far toward the mastery of his art, has fine mastery of himself, and that he has the ingenuity and persistency of the devil. In my opinion he was the best caster of our party. If I were to criticize his casting style at all I would say that it would be improved by a little more deliberateness, and a little less effort.

Under the tutelage of this same Daniel Boone, Ward made wonderful progress. From the beginning, he showed a natural sense of rhythm, which is of importance to the proper handling of rod and line, and he was patient and persistent. Douglas, Belknap, and I, while pretending to pay no attention to the trials or progress of (x), were, nevertheless, keenly interested, for, to the confirmed stream fisherman, his art is a religion, and he yearns for converts. Here was a promising neophyte to whom we begrudged nothing and wished everything. When he took his first salmon the day of our arrival, and it turned out to be one of seventeen pounds, we were gratified. And when, day after day, it continued to be the record fish of the trip, we were delighted that it should be so.

Ward's initial success was followed by two days during which he took no salmon; but he was constant in his prac-

tice. From choice, he discarded the two-handed rod in favor of a single-handed weapon of seven ounces. His mastery of rod and line progressed with each hour of experience. Trout were plentiful, and by taking these now and again upon his casts for salmon, he learned the feel of the strike and of the hooked fish. On the fourth day, when he was becoming a bit stale, the entire party conspired to show him that what he needed most was opportunity to cast over an unfished pool.

On our way up-stream to Thirty Mile Camp, we stopped at the Eagle Pool, and there put the modest and somewhat reluctant Ward through his paces. The pool was alive with salmon, and it had not been fished for some time. The results were what we had hoped for and expected. In less than an hour Ward took four salmon from the pool, playing each of them cleverly, and bringing them to net as handily as a veteran. Our faith was vindicated and from that hour we ceased to trouble ourselves about Ward, for, as Daniel Boone put it, he had hooked the salmon and the salmon had hooked him. He became an ordained 'Brother of the Angle.'

About half way between Twelve Mile and Thirty Mile Camps is the Ship Pool, one of the finest on the stream. A small tributary enters the Jupiter just above the pool, and the barren, wedge-shaped hill point between the main stream and the tributary resembles the sharp prow of a battleship. The pool is wide, deep, and about two hundred feet long. There were many salmon in it, and we stopped to fish. It was nearly noon, and the day had turned warm. There were no clouds in the sky, and no

part of the pool was shaded. Under such conditions, the fish have all the best of it. The angler is visible, and his line—even his leader—when cast over or upon the stream, projects a warning shadow into the depths of the water. To fish with any hope of success under such circumstances one must crawl to the casting point and cast from a sitting position, and the tackle must be very fine. None of us was inclined to a cautious approach. We were in a mood of 'don't care', willing to take what the gods might give, but unwilling to pay a price. Three of us tried in this manner, and each met defeat. We could see the great fish plainly, and they were quite aware of our presence, for at the approach of any of us to the water's edge, the salmon slowly drifted away. We followed them with lengthening casts, and on several occasions fish came to the surface to take a closer look at the feathered offering, but declined it. Accepting our defeat gracefully, we embarked and went on.

We went ashore for lunch at Twenty-four Mile, where there is a long, narrow pool along the edge of a submerged reef.

"There are many trout at the edges of this pool," said Bernard, "and if you will catch a few I will cook them for lunch."

We laughed scornfully at the suggestion of catching trout.

"Bernard," said Belknap, "if you will have the fire and broiler ready, we will bring you something better than trout."

Bernard smiled, but made no comment.

In short order, our battery of five rods was strung out along the beach, and we began the attack. The sky had become a little overcast, and fishing conditions were such that we felt certain of quick results. The salmon were lurking in the deep water under the overhang of the submerged ledge. Beyond the ledge the stream was shallow, and dotted here and there with large blocks of stone.

We were all casting at once. No sooner had our flies touched the water than each was fast to a fish. Below me, I heard Belknap say:

"Hell, it's a trout!"

"Mine's a trout, too," remarked Douglas.

"Mine, too!" from Ward.

Daniel Boone and I said nothing, but each of us dragged a poor, innocent trout to the beach as quickly as possible. Five casts and five trout in less than a minute. On any other occasion we should have been delighted, but now we were chagrined. We tried again, with the same result: five trout struggling and flapping wildly on the beach. Bernard gathered them up, without a word, and took them to his fire. Again and again, we tried to get at the salmon, but the outlying trout would not permit it. We endeavored to save the time of playing and landing them by giving slack line, but they would not or could not let go. Occasionally one got off, which was pleasing.

I think the salmon under the ledge were as displeased as we, for frequently one of them did his best to reach the fly, but his best was not good enough. Always, a hungry trout beat him to it. We cast into the shallow water beyond the ledge, so that the fly might float slowly over

and into the water where the salmon lay; but a fringe of vigilant scouts lurked behind the big blocks of stone, and before the fly could reach the deep water it was taken by an impudent trout. We became more expert in releasing them on a slack line, thus saving valuable time, but in the end we were beaten, for we took no salmon.

By common consent we ceased fishing, to look at each other and laugh. Feeling a little cross at the exasperating tactics of the smaller brethren of the stream, I turned to Belknap, as an acknowledged authority upon all matters pertaining to Anticosti, and asked:

"Are the trout as bad as this in all the pools above?"

Belknap slapped his thigh, and roared with laughter. "Well, isn't that rich, coming from a trout fisherman? 'Are the trout as bad as this in other pools?' The man speaks of trout as though they were mosquitoes, or black flies."

All of us joined in the laugh, and each acknowledged that the trout in this pool had put over something unusual. The ones taken were really fine fish. Many of them weighed as much as a pound, and several as much as a pound and a half. They were fast and gamey, but we had given them short shrift.

The smiling Bernard served us with trout for lunch.

We had our first view of Thirty Mile Camp about four o'clock in the afternoon. Like the camp at Twelve Mile, the buildings are of log construction and situated upon the east bank of the river. Everything is cozy and comfortable, and there is ample shade. The Lord Willingdon Pool is just above, and, like Grey's Pool, lies against a

nearly vertical cliff on the far side of the stream. There is a similarity between all of the best pools of the Jupiter. Each lies immediately below a rapids, and each is the product of the downward thrust of falling water delivered at the beginning of a more level stretch of river bottom. Where the pools are situated in a bend of the stream, as is often the case, the force and side-thrust of the falling water has carved out a steep bank which, in the course of time, has retreated to the edge of the hill to form a cliff.

Willingdon Pool is deep and large, with a puzzling eddy near the high bank at the upper end. Fish living in streams having a considerable current always lie with heads facing the current. If they were to face downstream for any great length of time they would drown. Fishing with light trout-rods, considerable effort is required to put a fly under the far bank beyond the eddy, though it is easily done with a two-handed rod. The real problem to be solved, however, is the direction of current in various parts of the big, slowly moving swirl. Conditions for fishing the pool were ideal at the hour of our arrival. There were both light and shade upon it. Under the far bank, against the cliff, the pool was dark and still, while farther out the sunlight filtering through the trees on the western slope cast long shadows across the water.

"Hail! Hail! The gang's all here!" sang Daniel Boone, in his resonant baritone.

"What the hell d'we care? What the hell d'we care?" responded Belknap, in deep bass.

"Hail! Hail!" What th'hell——!" echoed the friendly cliff.

Salmon were leaping in the pool, one following the other in swift procession, and it was not difficult to imagine that they, too, were singing,—“What the hell d’we care?”

With rod and line, we flung down the gage of battle, and the worthy fish of Willingdon Pool accepted it with eagerness. Before we tore ourselves away from the stream we had taken a total of seventeen fish,—the largest, weighing fifteen and one-half pounds, going to Belknap. And, oh, the big ones that surged, and leaped, and fought, and—broke away, the battle between fish and fishermen fought and lost under the very eyes of brother anglers. For the nonce, the curse of Noah was impotent; for, who may doubt, who may deny, that which he has seen?

Dinner was a merry occasion. There was fish and venison. There were cocktails and wine, and wine and cocktails. There were stories told, and experiences related in detail, and everybody believed everybody else while the benign influence lasted. And out in the great pool under the moonlight, the salmon flashed and played their own great game of love and battle. The mating season was fast approaching, and instinct poured for them a wine more heady than any we could boast.

“Fellows,” said Douglas, raising his glass on high, “here’s to all the gallant fish that got away.”

“Here’s to them”—Here’s to them,” was the instant response; and rising to our feet, we drank it, bottoms up.

CHAPTER XI

Tossing a Coin

*"There is a pleasure sure
In being mad which none but madmen know."*

—DRYDEN

THE next morning, August fourth, after a desultory effort at fishing which brought us nothing, we floated down-stream to Twelve Mile Camp. Of course, we didn't float all the way—the horses could testify to that—but there were long stretches where we fairly tore along, and the shallow rapids were negotiated with greater ease than on the way up, for the current was in our favor. Again, we stopped at Twenty-four Mile Pool for lunch. We couldn't resist the urge for another fight with the trout that guard the salmon hidden under the submerged ledge. Bernard loves his joke, and I have no doubt this pool has been his favorite lunch camp for many years, because of the certainty it affords to humble the pride of his passengers.

"Messieurs," said he, with a mocking smile, "there are trout at the edges of this pool, and if you will catch some it will be a pleasure to cook them for lunch."

"Bernard, you don't need to rub it in; and maybe we'll fool you, and the trout too," replied McCloy.

"Oui, monsieur, c'est possible. Perhaps Moreau, he can show you."

"Ce n'est pas difficile," said the grinning Moreau, with a sly wink.

Again, we fought to get at the salmon. Again, the salmon displayed a promising interest, but all of their efforts and all of our own were in vain. Not a salmon touched our hooks, for at every fresh cast a trout darted upon the lure and attached itself firmly to it. He was not to be shaken loose from his prize once he had seized it.

"Merci, messieurs," said Bernard, gathering up the spoil of our misguided efforts. "These nice trout; they are ver' good."—and they were.

We arrived at our home camp in the late afternoon. My friends resumed their fishing in Grey's Pool, while I, sitting at a safe distance upon the beach, offered them criticism and advice.

"Izaak, you'd better wet a line if you know what's good for you," said Daniel Boone, darkly.

"That's excellent advice, Sir Izaak," added Morpheus, looking at me over his shoulder as he finished a delicate cast.

"I don't have to fish all the time to beat you fellows," I replied.

"Humph!" they snorted. And giving renewed attention to the work in hand, they flogged the surface of the tortured pool without ceasing. Cast—recover; cast—recover; again—again—and again—until I grew weary with watching, and went to sleep. I had intended to hoodoo them, and think perhaps I did, for the net result

of their vast effort was one grilse for Daniel Boone, and two for Morpheus. Belknap and Ward, fishing in silence, and with kindness in their hearts, did better, for the former took a salmon and a grilse, and the latter two salmon.

We had hoped to find Monsieur Faure in camp upon our arrival, but instead, received a message dropped by seaplane advising us he would not be able to come, and advising Belknap that the latter was for the first time a grandfather. Telephone lines strung on trees frequently go out of commission. When this happens on Anticosti, important messages are dropped at camp by the seaplane patrol. They are dropped in duplicate, so that if one is overlooked the other may be found. Long before we reached Twelve Mile we knew that we were to receive a message, for we saw the plane circle over the camp and then resume its course to the east. We did not see the message dropped, for the plane was miles away, but Bernard and his crew knew where to look and soon found the little packet.

That evening we were compelled to make a serious decision. The Fleurus would call at Jupiter mouth the next night to take us away. Belknap and Ward could not remain longer, for definite engagements required them to get back to their work. Douglas, McCloy, and I had no definite engagements, but our original plan was for only a week upon the Island. Duty called to us, but she was far away and her voice was faint. The stream called to us without ceasing, and its voice was vibrant, seductive, gurgling with the promise of pleasant days.

We discussed the pros and cons of it. Each, wishing to make a virtue of necessity, hoped that one of the others would insist upon remaining, but no one volunteered to play the needed part.

"Let's decide it with the toss of a coin," suggested McCloy, and we agreed.

Our faces lengthened with disappointment when the tossed coin said, "Go home." We went outdoors to see the stars, and listen to the voice of the stream. Heavy fish were leaping in the lower reaches of the pool, far below their haunts of the day. It was as though they had dropped down the stream to pay us a friendly visit, and to invite us to remain with them. Ward and I wandered to the beach, walking the length of the long pool and back, seeking closer communion with the little river we had come to know and to love. We encountered McCloy and Douglas at the cabin front. They, too, had been walking on the beach.

"Gentlemen," said Douglas, with an air of grim defiance, "we all make mistakes—even I make them occasionally—and I happen to know that Daniel Boone and Izaak Walton make them frequently. Perhaps we made a mistake in tossing a coin, or perhaps the coin made a mistake. Let's toss another."

Eagerly we gave approval, and eagerly watched the tossing of the coin. This time fate was kind, or was it the skill of Douglas? Anyway, the coin reversed its former decision, giving us the answer we had all along intended by hook or by crook to obtain. Smiling with the satisfaction that follows virtuous action, and congratulat-

ing ourselves secretly that it had not been necessary to toss the coin a third time, we retired to dream of bigger fish.

The day of departure of Belknap and Ward was a busy one for all. The smoke-house and the cannery had been operating ever since our arrival, for, be it known, that on Anticosti one may have his surplus catch prepared by either or both of these methods, against the day of his going. And, if he wishes it, the identical salmon which came to his net will be reserved to his order. Fish to be iced and taken out fresh are subject to a different custom. If the party splits, some going out and some remaining as in the present instance, the whole gang fishes during the last day for the use of the departing ones. Ward and Belknap were to leave camp not later than four o'clock in the afternoon, and to meet the necessities of the occasion for freshly killed salmon, all of us fished industriously.

It is curious how stubbornly luck will hold back when pushed. The jade is fickle; lavish when there is no need, and stingy when the need is great. Nevertheless, we compelled her to yield a sufficient number of fish to meet the requirements of our departing friends, for, by three o'clock we had struck, played, and netted ten good salmon.

At half past three Cleopatra's Barge was loaded and ready for her voyage to the sea, and a few minutes later we waved our last adieu to the two good fellows who had contributed so much to our six happy days upon the Jupiter. We returned to the cabin with a feeling of sadness, and fished no more that day.

At night I made my last effort to evade the issue which Monsieur Faure had thrust upon the three of us who remained to fish. Every time Douglas and McCloy looked in my direction I imagined them smacking their lips in anticipation of devouring me. To date I was high man in the number of fish taken, and it looked to me as though it would be an excellent time to call off that proxy challenge. So I got Douglas off to one side and appealed to his sense of the fitness of things. We have been close friends for more than fourteen years, and I thought I could count on him.

"Douglas," I began, "I'll be hanged if I'm going to get up early when I don't want to, or fish when I want to loaf, or keep on casting when I want to stretch out on the shore and smoke,—all for the sake of something that another man pinned onto me. I don't care a whoop who takes the most fish; I never have, and I'm too old to begin. You fellows can do whatever you please, but as for me, I'm going to take it easy from now on."

Douglas, looking down upon me with that quizzical expression of his which may mean so much or so little, replied with studious politeness:

"Sir Izaak, my dear Sir Izaak, far be it from me to impose hardship upon an old friend, but in the interest of your good reputation my answer shall take the form of a question,—'Would you, could you, dare you, run out on us, Sir Izaak?'"

Just then McCloy came nosing along like a hound pup on a hot scent, and of course he heard Douglas's very pointed question. Of course, also, he promptly put in

his oar: "Run out on us? Run out on us? You bet you won't run out on us, Izaak, you'll stay and take your drubbing; and that's that."

With a look of understanding, they grinned at me with mischievous relish as I turned slowly away, disillusioned. Time and again thereafter I swore I would pay no further attention to the daily score. I would fish or loaf as I saw fit, and be damned to Monsieur Faure and to his accursed prophecy. Yet I found myself unable wholly to ignore it. Against my wishes, I was impelled to seek the stream when I wished to remain at the cabin; impelled to keep on casting and casting, when I was certain the fish were through for the day. And once, I arose a little early and fished the pool before breakfast. The only satisfaction I had from the situation was a new realization of the power exercised over us by the regard or poor opinion of our fellows. In the end it turned out exactly as I had expected: Daniel Boone beat me horribly, and Douglas fell short of doing likewise only by reason of the fact that he, like myself, loves to loaf and meditate, to occupy the precious moments in casting over unproven waters, and does not really care whether he takes many fish or few. He stood at the side of Daniel Boone because he saw I was plagued with the idea of forced competition, and he loves to tease.

Before finishing this subject, I may as well admit that through certain acts of my own I laid myself open to the attack of this mischievous pair. In my rod-case was a two-ounce rod, a toy intended for the taking of very small trout. Practiced in its use, I knew that regardless of its

seeming frailty it was a right stout little weapon. A rod like this has no business upon a salmon stream. Its use is a deadly insult to those who hold out for the heavy two-handed rod, and it is a smarting rebuke to the fellows who, in using their ordinary trout-rods upon salmon, believe they have reached the ultimate in light tackle. Subconsciously, I knew this, yet could not resist the temptation to use this toy and demonstrate its possibilities in competition with its betters. The day after our arrival I took two eight-pound salmon with it from Grey's Pool, and on another occasion when fishing with Douglas, took four from the Turgeon. I even persuaded Douglas to try it, and he had no trouble in playing and landing a ten-pound fish with it.

Now, the fact is that such a rod offers an excellent stimulant to the resentment of one's fellow fishermen, and a splendid alibi for ill luck, if that should befall. But it is so mal apropos to salmon fishing that it reminds one of a saying of Doctor Johnson:

"Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on its hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

I had given no thought to the propriety of using this toy upon heavy fish until, in discussing it with Douglas on the occasion of the success at the Turgeon, the meanness of it suddenly flashed through my mind. The sin confessed was forgiven by Douglas at once. It is proper that I here record it for the benefit of McCloy.

CHAPTER XII

At Thirty Mile Camp

"I am, sir, a brother of the Angle."

—COMPLEAT ANGLER

WE WERE again at Thirty Mile Camp,—Douglas, McCloy, and I. Tarrying but one day to fish Grey's Pool, from which McCloy took three fish, Douglas one, and Lowery none, we were seized with a desire to move on, and August seventh found us again embarked for the long, slow voyage up-stream. During the night there had been a shower of rain; the clouds still lingered, and the day was ideal for fishing. Two Mile Pool yielded one salmon to each of us. Conditions being right for fishing the Ship Pool, we stopped there for lunch; and although we fished without any particular attempt at concealment, we took five fish.

The mock hero of Voltaire's 'Candide' was never a fisherman. True, in moments of philosophic ease, we Brothers of the Angle profess a calm acceptance of the inevitable, but on the stream we accept nothing until we have tried something else, and having tried something else we continue to accept nothing. No matter what he may profess from the barricade of his office or in solemn conference with brother directors, your true fisherman is no stand-patter, no believer in the doctrine of *laissez-faire*. The

real nature of a man may not be divined from his reaction to the stimuli of civilization, but catch him off-guard out in the wilderness, and you will have his measure at once. The confirmed fisherman is on the *qui vive* for change,—new places to fish, new methods of casting, new flies to try. In fact, the only thing new he will shy from is a new companion. There, at last, he is a conservative. An optimist and a believer in miracles, remote places attract him with irresistible force, and he will fish hopefully in waters which his own experience, as well as that of his fellows, has taught him are barren of fish. Refusing finality to any human experience, including his own, he follows the chosen path of the moment with a stout heart and an unshaken belief in his luck.

These observations are not, as one might suspect, made for the purpose of showing how perfectly adapted fishermen should be to the strange phenomena of our present decade. I am convinced that they are so adapted, but that was not in my mind at all. The truth is that these remarks are nothing but another little detour from which a glimpse may be had of the mental vagaries peculiar to the clan to which my three Knights of the Jupiter and I belong. It is a bit of background, painted with the brush of profound conviction, but without art.

On every American stream a controversy rages between two schools of anglers: shall it be fished with the wet or with the floating fly? No one can doubt that upon the chalk streams of England it is necessary to use the dry fly, and to use it skilfully. I do not think it was necessary here in America until the era of good roads and motor-

cars was well advanced. Most of our trout streams are rapid, and up to twenty years ago fish were plentiful and not overshy. To-day it is a different story.

When the dry fly first came into prominence in England, I studied avidly the books of its leading exponent, Mr. Frederick Halford, particularly his 'Dry Fly Fishing', and 'Dry Fly Entomology'. I had an interesting correspondence with Mr. Halford, and he was good enough to have dressed for me a rather complete assortment of the dry flies which were effective upon the streams of England. Dry fly fishing has a terminology of its own, and of course I learned it. To cast the floating fly skilfully is a much more difficult art than casting the wet. My interest in the method did not survive further than to master its rudiments. Even this limited knowledge has been of considerable use, especially upon bright, sunny days with low, clear water and no background of trees or shrubbery. It has been useful also in fending off the attacks of the occasional dry fly zealot one meets.

Notwithstanding my little venture into the realm of the dry fly, my preference has been to fish wet wherever it can be done with a reasonable chance of success. Why make a labor of sport? When an adherent of the dry fly method urges it upon me, I am apt to take refuge in pretended ignorance; and if pushed, become stubborn as any mule. It was so upon the Jupiter, where Douglas and McCloy fished dry almost from the beginning, and where I, as usual, fished wet. They were meeting with success, and so was I. Conservation of energy is a philosophy with the lazy man. To one who believes, as I do, that

effort is a means to an end, and that 'a straight line is the shortest distance between two points', this philosophy is very satisfying.

The second day of our fishing upon the Jupiter, Douglas and McCloy, out of the kindness of their hearts, moved upon me in this matter :

"Sir Izaak," inquired Douglas, "have you tried a dry fly?"

"No, sir, I have not," I replied shortly.

"If you have none in your outfit, I shall be glad to loan you a few," continued Douglas.

"Better give them a try, Izaak. They're the real thing on this stream," said McCloy.

"Perhaps I'll try them later on," I evaded.

"Really, you ought to be using them right now. Come on, Sir Izaak; give this one a try. I'll tie it on for you. It won't take a minute, and you will get a lot of fun out of it," urged Morpheus.

Douglas's kindness and enthusiasm really touched me, but habit and a nasty, stubborn streak that is in me caused me to refuse. The next day I capitulated, for Douglas has a way with stubborn persons that cannot be resisted. His smiling, eager persistence may not be denied. Shamefacedly, I accepted a No. 6 deer fly, and even watched him oil and tie it to my leader. Who could be cross in the face of such exquisite courtesy? Lengthening my line with a few false casts directly across the pool, I succeeded in placing the fly in the right place just at the edge of the cliff, where I knew salmon were lying. With wings perfectly cocked, it floated jauntily down stream for more

than a dozen feet before the drag of the line pulled it under. In contrast to the wet fly, it was of course visible, and it was a very pretty sight.

"Isn't it great?" said the smiling Douglas. "Isn't it much nicer than the wet fly?"

As I took the fly from the water and dried it in the usual way, I grudgingly admitted that it was a pretty sight. I was about to add that its effectiveness remained to be proved, when a splendid fish rose gracefully from the depths of the pool and took the little floater. Followed the strike and a series of leaps and runs that made the blood tingle, and then,—the net. Douglas stood by laughing with pleasure, and McCloy, fishing from his barrel farther down in the pool, waved a hand and shouted,—“How about it, Izaak? How about it now?”

From then on, I fished dry much of the time, alternating with the wet fly just enough to show my good friends that it was not a method to be sneezed at. That, of course, was a sop to my mulish disposition; for really, it was much more fun to fish the floating fly. The drag of the line, which in the past had been so annoying, seemed to have disappeared, and I found that I could fish dry very well while following my usual custom of casting across the water instead of sharply up-stream.

Speaking of dry fly fishing reminds me of an incident on the Fleurus. Somewhere between Port Menier and Jupiter mouth we took aboard two sportsmen who had been fishing one of the smaller streams. The speech and manner of one of these gentlemen indicated Jewish ancestry. He had, it seems, successfully fished most of the

streams shown on the map of the world. Listening to the discourse of Douglas and McCloy, this gentleman came to realize, if he had not realized it before, that the dry fly method of fishing was something which every true sportsman should prefer, but he seemed a bit confused as to just what the method was. His dry fly technique was developed at last by a question from Douglas:

"Do you use a wet or dry fly, as a rule?"

"Who? Me fish vet? Vell, I should say not. Always, I fish with dry fly, sinking der fly about two feet," was the complacent reply.

Daniel Boone did not really fish from a barrel, but his appearance when at his favorite post in Grey's Pool, justified the illusion. He wore wading trousers of generous proportions, reaching nearly to his armpits. At the top they ballooned into a perfect circle as large as a barrel-top. The spot from which he elected to cast was one where the water was quite deep, and in reaching it he submerged to within two or three inches of the top of his waders. There he would stand for long periods of time, —casting—casting—casting—going ashore only when playing a fish. He was too far submerged to cast with elbow at his side; in fact, both arms had to be more or less elevated to keep them out of the water. From a distance he looked exactly like a man fishing from a sunken barrel, so much so that when anyone inquired the whereabouts of Daniel Boone, the usual reply was:

"Oh, he's out in his barrel, fishing."

Cameras are seldom at hand when needed. Had we taken one with us on our second trip up-stream we could

have made pictures of something which had to be seen in order to be appreciated. The three of us left the barge at the beginning of a long stretch of shallow water and walked on ahead. McCloy wore his waders, but Douglas and I were in low shoes. As might have been expected, we soon reached a point where the stream ran close to a vertical cliff, and it was necessary to cross to the other side in order to continue our journey. We had no other thought than to wade across without regard to getting wet; but McCloy would not have it so. Out of the goodness of his heart, he volunteered to carry us over; and we, from a combination of natural laziness and a desire to emulate the nabobs of old, took him up. Mounted high upon the broad shoulders of Daniel Boone, Douglas crossed the stream dry shod, and a few moments later I followed in the same manner. It was a most satisfying experience, but a tough one for the sturdy Daniel, for the distance traveled over rough stones was upward of one hundred yards. He came through nobly but perspiring and tired, while Douglas and I, concealing our own satisfaction under the cloak of profuse apologies, fairly purred with delight over the novel ride.

The day of our second journey to Thirty Mile, we loafed at so many different places that it was nearly dark before we reached camp. The habitants of Willingdon Pool, leaping and playing upon its surface, invited our attention at once. Fishing the rapids above the pool, and *fishing wet*, I took a pair of grilse that in their fighting qualities more than made up for what they lacked in size. McCloy and Douglas occupied themselves with a system-

atic effort to solve the mystery of the big eddy. They caught no fish, but came to a better understanding of the eddy currents. Darkness and hunger drove us at last from the pool.

That night we witnessed a beautiful display of the northern lights.

"Gentlemen," said Bernard, standing in his kitchen door, "the lights of the North, they are dancing. You should come and see."

On a fishing trip in Newfoundland, and again in northern British Columbia, I had seen the lights, but never anything that approached the beautiful display of this night on Anticosti Island. A nearly full moon hung in the western sky, flooding all the forest with light. Across the northern sky a long curtain of shimmering light was draped, its upper edges concave but regular, like an enormous inverted arch reaching from the western horizon to the eastern.

The light was in constant motion, occasionally shooting out in great flashes, but for the most part waving and swaying like a curtain of gauze moved by gentle breezes. Toward the center the semblance to swaying curtains was so marked that the illusion was startling, and every color of the rainbow was there. Suddenly, the central curtain would separate into two parts, and the parts would be drawn aside as though to give a view beyond. Then they would close, and the whole curtain would slowly wave and shift to one side or the other. The motion, sinuous rather than abrupt, was nevertheless fairly rapid and perfectly visible.

For half an hour we watched the beautiful combination of light and color and graceful movement. Very gradually, the display subsided. Once or twice it was suddenly renewed, but only to fade quickly. At last, but a few faint shafts of light remained, and these, unlike the first, were in long, straight lines reaching nearly to the zenith.

"Messieurs," said Bernard, "the lights of the North, they will dance no more to-night. The bon Dieu has called them."

CHAPTER XIII

Heroes of the Pool

"No man can lose what he never had."

—COMPLEAT ANGLER.

AUGUST EIGHTH was a day that will be long remembered by all of us, and the ninth was a red-letter day in the life of Daniel Boone. If the story of his strange adventure is not told in this chapter it will be related in another. It is a tale of to-morrow, though the cue for it, and the incidents leading up to it are a part of to-day. The eighth may have been a Monday, or it may have been a Saturday; I do not know, and do not care. What I do know is that it was a very pleasant day, filled to the brim with the delights of good fishing and good companionship.

Early morning found us again upon Cleopatra's Barge, headed up-stream. Most of the pools of the Jupiter are identified by their distance from the sea. Grey's Pool is often referred to as 'Twelve Mile', Willingdon Pool as 'Thirty Mile', and so on. There is a long, narrow pool at the thirty-two mile point, and a splendid one against a ledge at thirty-three and one-half miles. We grounded the barge, and gave Thirty-two Mile Pool a careful examination. It is narrow and deep, and the water is quite swift at the upper end. The salmon were visible—dozens of them—lying quietly side by side. McCloy fished the pool

from the far side at the head, while Douglas and I cast over it from the eastern bank. Because the fish were lying on the bottom and none was leaping, we fished very carefully, creeping to our casting positions and keeping well down. An hour of this kind of effort brought no favorable result. The fish did not appear to see us, or at least they paid no attention, but they would not strike. I grew tired of it, and turning to Moreau, who was my guide for the day, asked:

"Moreau, how far away is the next worth while pool?"

"The next pool—he is maybe one mile," replied Moreau. "He is one fine pool—not too far. Let us go."

Walking upon rough stones in heavy rubber boots is tiring, but Moreau's easy assurance of 'not too far' started me off. The morning was still cool, and I wore my mackinaw 'heater'. After trudging along steadily for what seemed to be more than a mile, I stopped to rest and cool off.

"Moreau, is it much further to the pool?"

"No, monsieur, the pool he is at that beeg bend you see," he replied, pointing to a green bank two or three hundred yards away.

Moreau took over my heater, and we went on to the 'beeg' bend, but instead of stopping there he continued on, peering ahead as though he expected to see the pool any instant. In this manner the cunning Moreau enticed me from one bend to another, until at last, after what seemed miles of walking, we reached the pool. After one or two of these bends had been negotiated I understood very well what Moreau was doing with me, and my good

opinion of him rose. I have toled many a tired friend along the stream by this same method, and have myself been so beguiled more than once. The first glance at the splendid piece of water told me the long walk had been worth while. Moreau, seeing approval written upon my face, smiled happily.

"It is a pool very beautiful, n'est-ce pas? And the salmon, they are plenty," said Moreau. And pointing at the shadowy forms in the deep water,—"*Voilà, monsieur, you see them?*"

Here, indeed, was a fine pool, and way down stream engaged in fruitless effort, were my friends Douglas and McCloy. The thought crossed my mind that after all I might find means to fulfill the prophecy of M. Faure.

The pool here differs from the other cliff pools, in that between the base of the cliff and the water is an exposed ledge of flat rock more than ten feet in width extending along its entire length. Lying across this ledge, just above the upper end of the pool, is a fallen tree, its trunk and dead limbs making an excellent blind to conceal the fisherman. The possibilities of that fallen tree were at once apparent, but I decided to fish from the more difficult bank we were then on. Here, the hazard was in the back cast, for the forest extended almost to the water's edge. Within a few minutes my fly was hung up in the branches of a tree well above reach. Moreau jiggled it loose with the end of my rod. The same mischance occurred several times, but each time the skill and resource of Moreau retrieved the fly.

I think the patience of the waiting salmon must have been sorely tried by such awkwardness, but they did not

seem to mind it in the least, for upon my first successful cast over the pool the lure was taken. Soon after a second fish had been brought to net Cleopatra's Barge hove into sight, and in a few moments three fishermen were relating experiences and comparing notes.

"We solved Thirty-two Mile before we left it," said Douglas. "It must be fished dry, and you have to keep down out of sight."

"And it must be rested frequently," added McCloy.

Douglas, with Daniel Boone coaching from the opposite bank, had taken two good fish from the pool.

My two friends elected to watch me fish, and no urging on my part would induce them to wet a line. Crossing over to the other side, and crawling carefully to the edge of the rocky ledge, I seated myself upon it with feet dangling in the water. The fallen tree was just below, and I was well screened from sight of the salmon in the pool. Moreau went further below, and finding a place where he could see without being seen, gave me directions where to cast and told me the position of the best fish. McCloy and Douglas settled themselves at full length in the grass upon the opposite shore, to watch the show and offer advice. The stage was set with great deliberation, and no one was in a hurry to ring up the curtain. A pair of eagles were soaring above. One of them must have met with recent accident, for there beside me on the ledge was a beautiful wing feather. Accepting it as an omen of good luck, I stuck it in my hatband and then proceeded with the business of the day.

There is a vast difference in the fighting qualities of fish, even though they be of the same size. The fighter,

the furious fighter, wins my immediate respect, and I find myself half fearing, half hoping he will get away. If the fight is a good one, I don't care in the least if the fish wins. The real prize is the fight, not the fish. My possessive instinct is satisfied with a few fish,—just enough to prove to my companions that I am not a complete dub. A man must go that far, or lose his self-respect and the respect of his fellows.

The fish that met and defeated me upon the pools of the Jupiter are the ones I shall always cherish in memory. At the pool of which I am now writing, I met two veritable champions, and each fought his fight and won to freedom in exactly the same way.

"Cast a little farther out, and let the fly swing across the pool," coached Moreau from below.

I did so, and upon the second cast struck a fish that gave instant attention to the solution of his end of the problem. He darted down-stream with terrific speed, ending the long run with a high leap and a shake of the head. Turning then, he came directly toward me with the same speed, breaking the water with another magnificent leap within twenty feet of where I sat on the ledge. I do not know whether or not he saw me, but his actions were suggestive of it; for turning suddenly, he was off down stream in a series of twisting, bewildering leaps and rolls upon the surface of the water. It was as though he had taken his tail in his mouth and transformed himself into a living hoop,—a bouncing, flashing hoop of vibrant flesh. Suddenly, the line went slack, and the reel ceased to sing. He was off, but perhaps did not at once realize it, for he kept right on going until after a last, long leap he dived

beneath the surface. The action had been too swift for analysis of my own emotions. I did not know whether to be pleased or disappointed; but as soon as I realized how thoroughly I had been beaten I laughed aloud, and said to myself:

"Go it, old fellow; I hope you live to weigh a hundred pounds."

It is the most natural thing in the world for a fisherman to clothe his antagonist of the stream with human attributes; to interpret his actions in the light of what he himself would do or think if he were at the other end of the line. To do this, he must of course ignore the facts of biology. That offers no difficulty at all, for on the stream every fisherman is a bit mad.

I find tremendous amusement in matching skill with a strong, courageous fish. If it be a salmon, he is not bent upon satisfying his hunger; he has struck my fly in a spirit of insolent challenge, and I have hooked him. In the ensuing fight he is not afraid, but because he has been tricked, is very, very indignant. Occasionally he shows anger, as when he leaps high with shaking head; but for the most part he is merely annoyed at the light restraint of rod and line,—and determined to be rid of it quickly. If he is a real warrior he will not sulk or seek to hide himself upon the bottom. He will fight it out upon the surface where he may see and be seen. Only the beaten fish shows fear. The victorious one—the one that outwits you, and breaks you, and goes on about his business—has never known a moment of fear. Indignation, he has felt, and annoyance rising almost to the point of

anger. But fear or doubt of the final outcome has not entered his consciousness.

I am always in excellent humor with the fish that plays the game with a stout heart, and I like to fancy that the sentiment is reciprocated. It is not difficult to be grim and deadly with a fish that hangs back and sulks beneath the surface, but the slashing, flashing fellow who brings the battle to you and asks no quarter is a hero, and I love him too well to wish his death.

Not all of the salmon in Thirty-Two-and-a-Half-Mile Pool were champions, though all were excellent fighters. I succeeded in bringing three to the net from my perch on the ledge behind the fallen tree. The last one was a small fish of four or five pounds, whose actions puzzled me at first. Not once did he break water, but he made a lot of long, determined runs. Wishing to avoid showing myself to the fish below, I insisted upon his coming to me at the head of the pool. On his part, he insisted upon staying where he pleased, and that was anywhere except in my vicinity.

"Moreau, I think he is hooked foul," I remarked at last. "I've had a glimpse of him, and know he isn't large, yet he pulls like a whale."

Moreau, peering into the water, replied, "Monsieur, I cannot see him so plain. I cannot tell."

Slowly I worked the stubborn fish to the head of the pool, and Moreau came to my side with the net. I could then see that he was hooked foul, without doubt,—apparently in one of the belly fins. McCloy and Douglas came to their feet to see the finish.

"Hey, Izaak, do you always hook 'em foul?" called McCloy.

"Well, I saw him hook two of them foul at the Eagle," remarked Douglas, "and I give you my word, he did it very neatly."

Just then Moreau slipped the net under the fish and tossed him out upon the ledge. After a quick examination he remarked, with a laugh:

"Oh, mon Dieu, M'sieur Izaak, you have hook thees fish ver' foul. You have hook him in one ver' bad place."

He held up the fish for the edification of my friends on the other bank, and they immediately exploded with laughter.

"Shame upon you, Izaak," they called in unison.

"Izaak, if you ever hook another fish that way we'll expel you from the party," from McCloy.

"I'll bet him the drinks he can't hook another that way," said Douglas.

After that I resigned the pool to my detractors. Laughingly, they took over, Douglas fishing from my hiding place on the ledge, and McCloy at the lower end of the pool on the other side. Water that has been fished over for an hour or two is difficult water for the next man, unless it be well rested. Wishing immediate action, however, my companions began casting almost at once, and it speaks well for their skill when I relate that they met with early success. Each took two salmon and a grilse.

Douglas cares more for accuracy and delicacy than for distance in casting. He fixes his attention upon the exact spot where he would place his fly, and the fly settles upon the water at that point like a bit of thistledown. He loves

to 'fish fine and far off', and he will crawl carefully for fifty yards in order to keep out of sight. That which he accepts in theory he puts into actual practice, and he does it in a most workmanlike manner. Deliberate and careful in every phase of the sport,—and particularly deliberate in playing his fish, he may be counted upon to take his share upon any stream. He functions like a machine of precision, carefully and with consummate art. I had pictured him otherwise, before I saw him in action. I had thought his eagerness and enthusiasm would find its outlet in quick action, but I was wrong.

It was Daniel Boone who blew upon the winds of chance to make them hurry. Volcanic is the word that best describes him. Up and doing every hour of the day and every minute of the hour, he will never be beaten. An artist working against time, but a real artist, and successful. My hat is off to him, not only as a fisherman but as a minstrel and teller of wonderful stories.

Modesty refuses me permission to describe my own capabilities, and pride forbids me confessing my faults. If I might put words into the mouths of my comrades, I would quote them as saying of me:

"Izaak Walton is a good old plugger. He will take blind salmon as often as anyone, and he may be relied upon to hook them in the most peculiar places."

Tired at last of fishing, the three of us sat upon the beach to discuss plans for the next day. McCloy proposed that we take the barge and go up-stream as far as Forty-five Mile, where there was said to be a fine pool. Moreau, who was listening, interrupted to tell us that the stream

was so low it would be impossible to take the barge with-out grave danger of dragging the bottom out of her.

"Well, then, let's take the horses,—ride up and fish down," said McCloy. "There are four horses, and Moreau can go with us to spot the fishing places."

"That's one good plan," responded Moreau.

Douglas and I looked at each other doubtfully. We had a quick mental picture of the four horses of the Jupiter, with their very, very broad backs and awkward, stumbling legs; and we had a picture of ourselves astride those broad backs, riding and stumbling for thirty miles over the rough beach.

"Shall we go, Sir Izaak?" asked Douglas.

"I'm not very keen about it," I replied. "How about you?"

"I hate to let Daniel Boone go off on such a long trip by himself. He might get lost," said Douglas. "It would be an easy trip for a well man, but a hard one for an invalid, and you're not looking any too well, Sir Izaak. I'd hate to see you carried out on a stretcher."

"Don't worry about me, but give a thought to the stories Daniel Boone will tell when he comes back, if we let him go alone. Do you think it safe to take the bridle off that colt?"

"You fellows make me tired. You know well enough I tell the truth, and nothing but the truth," said Daniel.

"Let's toss a coin to decide," suggested Douglas.

That suited me very well, for Douglas is an artist at it when he tries, and I knew which way the wind was blowing with him. But McCloy would not have it that way.

"Whether you like it or not, we are going to decide the thing on its merits, and not by some hocus-pocus of a tossed coin," said Daniel emphatically.

After a long wrangle and an exchange of bitter personalities, it was decided that Daniel Boone should go, taking Moreau for guide; and that Douglas and I should remain in camp, or fish the waters of the vicinity.

At dinner we drank the toast, 'To-morrow', each tossing it off with keen relish; and then Douglas, raising his glass to McCloy, said:

"Here's to you, honest man."

McCloy gulped it down, but the taste of it was bitter, for there was both taunt and doubt in the tone of the skeptic Douglas.

CHAPTER XIV

The Solo Flight of Daniel Boone

*"He had need bee
A wylie mouse that should breed in the
cat's eare."*

—JOHN HEYWOOD.

DOUGLAS and I slept late the morning of the ninth. It was not we who were going up-stream to Forty-five Mile in search of adventure. It was Daniel Boone; that restless, insatiable, abominable comrade of ours who hadn't sense enough to stick around and fish the home pool for a day. He had tricked us into letting him go off alone to pools we might never see, to adventures we could not share. Half awake, we grumbled irritably, while McCloy dressed and stole away. That he was fearful we would change our minds and elect to go along, I feel certain. So he was right in moving softly that morning. Had he begun the day with his usual boisterous song of the 'Bastard King', Douglas and I would have waked fully. Douglas would have joined heartily in the roaring chorus, and I would have jumped out of bed intent on assaulting the noisy pair. All of us would have got up, and all of us would have gone up-stream together, and no chapter in this history would have been devoted to the solo adventure of Daniel Boone.

The truth is that Daniel felt the need of elbow room. He knew he could function to better advantage in the solitudes of Forty-five Mile, 'with no one nigh to hinder'. The sad part of it is that Douglas and I knew it too. Yet we allowed that assassin of our self-respect to steal away to a glorious adventure of fishing and fiction. Then and there, perished the *amour propre* of Douglas and Lowery. Then and there, we lost our only chance of thwarting the high ambition of Daniel Boone. He was off, and we slept peacefully until after nine o'clock.

That day we fished the Willingdon, but we did it half-heartedly. Our minds were up-stream with the truant McCloy. In imagination we followed his plodding mount. We spied upon his movements, his revealed and even his hidden intentions; and whether he knew it or not, we shared his most intimate emotions. What he was doing and intending to do, we wished to do. Where he was going, we too wished to go. In spirit, we dogged his footsteps, for we were eaten with envy.

Now and again, Douglas and I came together to exchange thoughts. Neither of us was thinking of his own affairs. We were as busy as any pair of gossips with the affairs of our renegade comrade. From time to time we consulted our watches, and hazarded a guess as to the whereabouts of Daniel and his guide. We estimated the speed of their slow-walking horses, and the time that would be required for making the journey. We wondered what the pools would be like, and how far up on the Jupiter salmon might be found. We cursed ourselves for a pair of drones for not making the trip, and we cursed the absent Daniel for his temerity in going off on his own.

"If he comes back here with an Arabian Knight's story, I hope it'll choke him," said Douglas.

"I hope he chokes anyway," I responded gloomily.

That started us off on a new tangent. What story would this Ulysses of the Jupiter tell when he returned from his wanderings? We found no real difficulty in forecasting the story; for we framed it upon a frank recognition of what we might tell in similar circumstances.

"Will he tell the truth?" I asked.

"Yes, he'll tell the truth in the end, but when that will be God only knows," was the reply.

After meditating upon this phase of the problem for an hour or two, I ventured a suggestion to my fellow sufferer:

"Douglas, we're a pair of chumps if we let Daniel Boone get away with anything very wild. He's a fox, all right, but we know something about fairy-tales ourselves, and each of us knows something of the art of cross-examination. Let's use it on him."

And thus, we left the matter.

It was our custom upon the Jupiter to devote the luncheon hour to the settlement of old controversies and the initiation of new ones. It is a pleasant game, requiring three players, for the line-up is always two against one. There is no pleasure in a cross-table quarrel between two men, but with a third to take sides first with one and then with the other, the fur may be made to fly without permanent damage to the feelings of anyone. Douglas was expert in steering attack toward McCloy or toward me, but avoiding it himself; and having got the thing started to his satisfaction, he could shift from side to side with

amazing rapidity. Luncheon without McCloy was a quiet and rather sad affair.

We fished intermittently during the afternoon, taking two salmon each. There were moments when the fish of Grey's Pool thrust from our minds any thought of Daniel Boone, but most of the afternoon we were counting the hours,—marking time against the occasion of his return. We did not believe he would show up until long after dark, for we knew he would fish to the latest possible moment. At seven o'clock, however, we heard voices and the sound of steel-shod hoofs shuffling over the stones of the beach. Looking up-stream, we saw them coming, McCloy riding in advance. When within speaking distance, he hailed us:

"How many did you fellows take to-day?"

"Two apiece," replied Douglas. "What kind of a time did you have?"

"The best fishing of my life. I took twenty-four, I think. Was it twenty-three or twenty-four, Moreau?"

"Twenty-four," replied Moreau, with assured emphasis.

Douglas and I looked at each other in pained surprise. Daniel Boone's story had exceeded our utmost expectations. It would not have surprised us to hear of the taking of ten or even fifteen salmon, and in a moment of wild fancy I had named twenty as a possible number. But, twenty-four!—twenty-four!—It was too much. We were speechless, overwhelmed, ground in the dust. Douglas recovering his usual poise, remarked pleasantly:

"We know you are awfully tired, and so we won't ask you to tell us about it until after dinner."

Daniel Boone dismounted and went directly to his room in the cabin. Douglas and I returned to the beach to take counsel of the situation.

"We must induce him to tell his story of the day in detail, and we must be careful to see that he leaves no gaps of time unaccounted for," said Douglas thoughtfully. "We have got to know when he claims to have left camp, where and when he fished, and how much of the time was taken up with travel. If we lead him along carefully he'll commit himself to an embarrassing time schedule, and on cross-examination he will be caught."

I concurred with Douglas's plan, but suggested that the cross-examination be deferred to a later occasion, so that we might have opportunity to calculate accurately the factors of time occupied in going and coming, the time left for fishing, and to study their relationship to the number of fish taken. Also, that in direct examination we confine ourselves to a few simple questions which, without alarming the witness, would pin him down hard and fast. It was so agreed.

Daniel Boone faced us across the dinner table, tense, alert, the light of battle in his eyes. He was expecting attack, and prepared to defend himself; therefore, we did not attack. We showered him with congratulations upon his success, and the poor fellow, more troubled by seeming acquiescence than he would have been by frank skepticism, looked very foolish indeed. His face was red, perhaps with sunburn, and he was nervous. Douglas and I chuckled with satisfaction. I proposed a toast to 'The Record Breaker', which Douglas promptly amended to

'Our Trusty Champion'. We drank it with enthusiasm, and McCloy seemed deeply affected.

After dinner we settled back in our chairs for the evening's entertainment. To-night it would not be an exchange of experiences, but the relation of the extraordinary experiences of one man.

"And now, McCloy," began Douglas, "tell us all about it. We are simply dying with curiosity to know how you did it and where you did it. We are hungry for the story down to the smallest detail. So turn yourself loose; but first, tell us what time it was when you got away this morning. Sir Izaak and I were asleep, and when we waked up you were gone."

"We got away at seven o'clock," was the quick reply.

I will try to relate the story that followed, telling it as nearly as memory will permit in the words of Daniel Boone. If here and there some slight inaccuracy creeps in I am confident McCloy will not hold it against me. In fact, I believe he will be surprised that an elderly man like myself should possess so good a memory, and that when he reads the story in cold print he will say nothing worse than,—“Old Izaak is no different from other historians. It might have happened, and perhaps it did.”

"Fellows," said McCloy, "as I told you a moment ago, we left here this morning at seven o'clock. Moreau had told me there was a good pool at Forty-five Mile, and that was to be our destination. I talked with him about going on to the Lakes at the head of the Jupiter, but he said it could not be done in a day, for there was no trail and we would have to follow the windings of the stream. The

Forty-five Mile Pool is supposed to be fifteen miles above here, but whether that means fifteen miles in a direct line or along the course of the stream, I don't know, and I don't think Moreau knows either.

"We took a light lunch with us, my trout rods, all the dry flies I could find, some extra leaders, our raincoats, and nothing else. We didn't even take a landing net, for, knowing we would not be able to bring our catch back with us, I planned to beach the fish and return them to the stream.

"I had no idea how slow those big-footed horses were until I climbed up on one and got him going. No use trying to hurry them; they're not built for speed. They poked along just about as they do when they are drawing the barge."

"About two miles an hour?" asked Douglas.

"Well, they might average a little more than that,—perhaps as much and two and a half miles," was the reply.

"I was tempted to fish some of the pools on the way up, especially the one at Thirty-three and a Half Mile, where Izaak hooked 'em foul, but realized that if we were ever to get as far as Forty-five Mile and still have time for fishing we had better keep on going. We went on and on. Sometimes we took short cuts across the bends, but most of the time followed the stream. Although Moreau had not been further up than Thirty-five Mile for many years, he recognized all the pools until after we passed Forty-two Mile. When we reached a point which seemed to us was Forty-five Mile, there was no pool there. Moreau thought we may have guessed wrong about the distance,

so we kept on up-stream until we felt sure we were at least two miles beyond the sought for point. We found no salmon pool of any kind up there; but there were places where the water was alive with trout. We ate lunch at the highest point reached, and then decided to work back down-stream, fishing the pools as we came to them."

"How far up do you suppose you went?" I asked.

"We are certain it was a mile or two beyond Forty-five Mile. Perhaps Forty-six would be a safe guess."

"When did you have lunch?" inquired Douglas.

"About one o'clock. As I was saying, we ate our lunch and then started back down-stream. We followed the river closely, in the hope of finding the missing pool. Moreau concluded that the heavy floods of the years which had elapsed since his last visit, had filled it in. In any event, we never found it. At Forty-two Mile I began to fish. The pool was swarming with salmon, and oh, boy, didn't they strike! No sooner was the fly on the water than it was taken, and how those fellows did fight! In size, they were about like those we have been taking down here,—those I took were from six to twelve or fourteen pounds in weight."

"Did you treat 'em rough, like we did the trout at Twenty-four Mile?" asked Douglas.

"I tried it once or twice, but they were too big. It wouldn't work, and I had to fight it out in the usual way,—plenty of runs and leaps. Of course, I hooked a few sulky brutes that dropped to the bottom and put on the brakes, but most of them fought it out on the surface. It was great, wasn't it, Moreau?"

"Oui, oui, m'sieur," responded the faithful Moreau, from his listening post at the kitchen door.

"I can't tell you from memory how many salmon I took at Forty-two Mile. They came too fast for me to keep track, but Moreau kept accurate count. My guess would be something over twelve from that pool and a couple of smaller pools below. Moreau, how many fish did we take from those first pools?"

"Fourteen, m'sieur."

"What did you do with the fish?" asked Douglas.

"I played them, beached them, and returned them uninjured to the stream. What else could I do?" answered McCloy.

"When we left those upper pools the salmon were still taking nearly as fast as ever, but I was anxious to fish Thirty-five Mile, and so we moved on down. Thirty-five Mile is one of the best places on the river. There is a stunning pool there, and I took fish after fish from it. My arm grew so tired I could scarcely cast. It was the same story as that of Forty-two Mile,—cast, strike, play, the fish beached, the hook carefully removed, and the fighter returned to the water. You should have seen them scoot as soon as they realized they were free. I must have taken ten salmon at Thirty-five Mile. How many did we take at the big pool, Moreau?"

"Five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten," replied Moreau, counting slowly and carefully with the aid of his fingers.

"Oui, m'sieur, he take ten beeg salmon from that pool."

"I could have taken a lot more," continued McCloy, "but I wasted considerable time on a beaver. Fellows, that

was a curious experience,—an almost unbelievable one. I wouldn't have the nerve to tell it if Moreau hadn't been there. I think perhaps I'd better leave it untold, anyway. Izaak here, ought to be able to believe almost anything, for he's hooked many curious things in many curious ways; but Douglas would scarcely believe a thing, even when he sees it himself. No, I don't believe I'll tell it."

"Oh, tell it; tell it, and get it off your chest," urged Douglas.

"Yes, please tell it," I coaxed.

"Well, if I must, then I must, though I'd rather not," said the reluctant story-teller.

"There's a beaver-dam at Thirty-five Mile, and from all the signs, there must be quite a colony of the animals near-by. Every once in awhile when I was fishing, a big old beaver would enter the pool and swim around in an aimless manner. I got pretty tired of his antics, for I feared he would put the fish down. At last, he climbed up on a rock that stuck a few inches above the water, at the far side of the pool. The thought occurred to me that I might improve fishing conditions by getting him out of the way; so I began casting for him."

"Did you fish for him wet or dry, McCloy," asked Douglas, with a laugh.

"Dry, of course, you chump," was the testy reply.

"It was a long cast, and I had a good deal of trouble in getting across to him because of the wind. Every time the fly hit the water near him he would jerk his head to one side and watch the fly until I retrieved it for another cast. He was interested, but wholly unafraid; seemed to

think it was a game of some kind. At last, by a lucky fluke, I laid the end of the leader across his back, struck quickly, and hooked him."

"And what happened then?" we inquired eagerly.

"What happened? Well, all sorts of things happened. He left that rock in a hurry, slapped the water with his broad tail, and dived for home. For what seemed to me an hour I fought that stubborn brute, but Moreau says it was only fifteen minutes. He went everywhere, and I thought he would certainly smash my rod. I wanted to let him get off, but he was too well hooked. Fellows, believe it or not, I played that beaver to a finish, and beached him. Didn't I, Moreau?"

"Oui, oui, m'sieur; c'est vrai. I myself see him do it," replied the loyal Moreau earnestly.

"What did you do with the beaver after you beached him?" I asked.

"I held him while Moreau removed the hook, and we returned him unharmed to the water," said McCloy, looking from one to the other of us with an air of challenge.

Douglas turned to me with a hand outstretched. "Shake, Sir Izaak," said he. "Didn't I tell you he was a champion?"

"A champion of what?" I asked.

"Don't ask foolish questions," replied Douglas; and thumbing his nose at the blushing McCloy, he stamped off to bed.

Next morning I went off alone with pencil and pad, and did some simple problems in arithmetic. The results were pleasing, and I at once hunted up Douglas. I found

him just finishing a similar job, and at my approach he burst out laughing.

"He's hooked, Sir Izaak; hooked too tight to get away. Have you figured it out?"

On learning that I had, we compared notes, and found our figures were identical. Whereupon, we danced a jig and howled with delight.

"What's the answer? What did Daniel Boone really do?" I inquired.

"If McCloy says he took twenty-four salmon and a beaver, and sticks to it, then that is exactly what he did. Right now, I think he's spoofing us, and that the true story will come out later. It's certain though that if he did take twenty-four salmon he could not have gone further up-stream than Thirty-five Mile or thereabouts."

"Perhaps he pushed the horses faster than three miles an hour," I suggested.

"Can't be done; not with those horses, and over rough ground," was the response.

We resumed operations upon McCloy at the luncheon table.

"McCloy," said Douglas, "do you believe in miracles?"

"Well, it all depends on the persons and the miracles," was the answer. "For instance, balancing the National Budget would be a miracle, yet I have heard you talk hopefully about it."

Douglas winced, but replied, "Balancing your fishing budget would be a greater one; for instance, yesterday you traveled 36 miles at $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour, and still found time to take 24 salmon and a beaver. We won't

say anything more about the beaver, but I call your attention to the fact that you were gone from camp exactly 12 hours, or 720 minutes, and that to travel 32 miles at $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour requires 768 minutes. Therefore, you took 24 salmon, not to mention a beaver, in 48 minutes less than no time at all. I call that a miracle."

Daniel Boone was staggered, but came back promptly with a suggestion,—“We must have traveled faster than $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. We kicked those old plugs in the ribs every other step. I fancy we must have booted them up to three miles an hour. Moreau! I say, Moreau!——”

But Moreau wasn't there to testify.

Douglas went on relentlessly, “All right, McCloy, you were away just 720 minutes, and let's say you traveled 32 miles at three miles per hour, which makes 640 minutes. That left you 80 minutes for fishing, and during that 80 minutes you hooked, played, beached, and returned unharmed to the stream, 24 salmon weighing from six to twelve or fourteen pounds, which means that you devoted exactly $3\frac{1}{3}$ minutes to each fish. Come clean, my son.”

“That's not a miracle; that's just an adventure,” was the nonchalant reply.

“I'll say it is a record that will never be lowered,” said Douglas. “How far up the stream did you really go, McCloy?”

Thereupon, the harassed Daniel Boone gave us a fine example of simulated indignation,—“You fellows give me a pain,” he said. “You were too d—— lazy to make the trip, though God knows I urged you to go. You stayed home, and now you're sore, and fairly green

with envy, and you put your heads together and do a lot of fool figuring. You're a sweet pair of comrades. Yeah! All I've got to say to you fellows is, that if you want to know how it's done, come along next time and I'll show you."

All that day and the next we labored with Daniel Boone, but he would not confess. True, he weakened a little with respect to the beaver; but adhered so stubbornly to having taken twenty-four salmon that we knew he was telling the truth. Subsequently, he wrote the record of his twenty-four salmon in the fishing journal which is kept at the main camp, and I noticed that though in his written account he rebuked Douglas and me for our unmannerly doubts, he did not specifically state how far up-stream he actually went. We know that he took twenty-four salmon. We believe that some day he will tell us where he took them; but as Douglas said in the beginning, "God only knows when."

Wherever he took those fish—whether at Forty-two Mile, Thirty-five Mile, or elsewhere—he hung up a record that will seldom be equaled; and if we ever again fish the Jupiter with him, as we devoutly hope for, and he decides to visit the scene of his triumph of August ninth, Douglas and I will remember his advice: We will go along, and see how it is done.

CHAPTER XV

Au Revoir

*"Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why? Man of morals, tell me why."*

—ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ON THE TENTH we dropped down-stream to the main headquarters at Twelve Mile Camp. There, we found awaiting us a message which seemed to call us home. Our joint ingenuity was brought to bear to find some other interpretation of it, but there was none. We should have to be in New York not later than the fifteenth instant, which meant we must get away from the Island on the twelfth. The *Fleurus* would not call at Jupiter mouth until the fourteenth, and would not reach Quebec until the sixteenth. We were in a quandary to know how we were to get to Port Menier, and granting that we should be able to get that far, there was still the problem of leaving the Island.

By means of the telephone and a little persuasion, we arranged for the first leg of our journey homeward. The Paper Company operates a small motor launch called the 'Gamache'. It is not suited to the navigation of rough seas, but if the winds are kind will serve for trips along the coast. It was arranged that, weather permitting, the

Gamache should call for us at Jupiter mouth very early on the morning of the twelfth. Seeking a plan for the next step, we arranged by telephone and radio the opening of negotiations for a seaplane to take us from Port Menier to Rimouski, a little town on the Canadian National Railway on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. Having done the best we could toward arranging our get-away, we left the matter in the lap of the gods, and went fishing.

Modern methods of communication and of transportation are a terrible handicap to the fisherman. In the old days a man could go into the wilderness to fish or hunt, assured that the less serious affairs of life would not intrude upon his retreat. He was undisturbed, because the means of disturbing him were inconvenient and expensive. It was a very satisfactory condition. Now, although a man may hide himself in what looks to be a wilderness, he is not safe; the telegraph and telephone will follow him to the frontier, the radio will dog his footsteps beyond it, and airplanes will bomb him with messages in the very heart of the forest. Of course, there are compensations; but on the whole, they are outweighed by the terror of being pursued.

Our stock of dry flies was exhausted. We still had one each, and they were very jealously guarded. The one in my possession was in a sad state of disrepair. McCloy had mended it once, and Douglas twice, but it was now threatened with complete disintegration. I had by this time progressed so far in the use of the dry fly that I was a little inclined to turn up my nose at the humble 'wet', while each of my companions had become what is known on the stream as a 'dry fly purist'. I believe that

it is a state of mind, not a person. On Belknap's trip out he had ordered for us a liberal supply of the wonderful 'dries' tied by Gulline Brothers, but they had not yet reached us.

The three of us had been fishing Grey's Pool the afternoon of the tenth. I had just lost my disreputable dry fly to an impudent grilse, and stood on the beach awaiting the moment when Douglas or McCloy should come ashore, in the confident expectation of beguiling one or the other of them into loaning me his dry fly. I had fallen so low that I intended to jockey them into making an offer, which I would promptly accept. My thought was that Douglas would be the victim, but I was perfectly willing to tackle McCloy should he come ashore first. Just at the moment when I was getting desperate, Bernard came to the beach with two interesting packages.

"The seaplane dropped these yesterday, I think. Edouard find them just now," said Bernard.

Both packages were addressed to McCloy. One of them had on it the return card of Gulline Brothers, and I knew at once that it contained our dry flies.

"Come on in, fellows, they have come!" I shouted.

McCloy and Douglas came ashore in a rush, and the packages were quickly opened. One contained the wished-for flies—three dozen of the beauties—and the other contained Daniel Boone's old fishing hat which had been in pursuit of its owner by rail and steamer ever since he left home, and had now dropped upon him from the skies. Yes, there are compensations in the coming of modern transportation, even to the wilderness fisherman. Daniel Boone looked upon that old hat with the eyes of a lover,

straightened its crumpled form, and placed it upon his head with a sigh of satisfaction. Out of the air happiness had dropped upon us,—a splendid assortment of dry flies, and an old hat.

That afternoon while fishing Grey's Pool, I witnessed something new in the technique of playing a fish. Douglas had brought a good fighting salmon within reach of Edouard's net. Evidently some strands had rotted, for as the guide scooped up the still active fish it dropped through the net and made a wild rush for the pool. Of course, Douglas was caught off-guard, his rod upright and his line quite slack. For a moment it seemed he would be smashed, for the rush of the fish bent the rod nearly double, and the fact that the line now ran through a broken net made it impossible to regain control quickly. Edouard on his part was so startled and confused that he did not know what to do.

"Raise the net, Edouard!" shouted Douglas. "Up with it! Quick! Quick!"

The still confused Edouard did the best he could to comply, but it took agility on the part of Douglas to get himself and his rod in position to play the fish through the broken net. Nevertheless, it was accomplished; and in a short time, with the use of a second net, the salmon was safely landed.

Neither McCloy nor I took any salmon that day, but luck smiled upon Douglas, for he took three good ones. McCloy did not care, for he was replete with the huge success of the ninth. None of us fished hard, for we were beginning to feel the let-down which precedes the finish of all fishing trips.

That night at dinner we made a belated attack upon our stock of wines. We had brought with us more than we could use. Is it not strange that there, in the wilderness of an uninhabited island, we should be troubled with the most recent problem of civilization,—a surplus of something good? We could not permit such a condition to continue. Cocktails again made their appearance at dinner, and there were bottles of red, red wine. We were both sad and joyous—sad because we were about to leave, and joyous because we had again put life to the test and had found it good.

The following day we spoke our valedictory to the Jupiter by fishing Grey's Pool with loving care. Again it was kind, for it responded with nine salmon,—two to McCloy, three to Douglas, and four to me. We were to start for the sea between three and four of the afternoon. There was a canoe at Twelve Mile Camp, and at the suggestion of my companions, I agreed to go with them in it to Jupiter mouth. It was a small canoe, and like most of its kind, frail. Having seen our personal baggage safely stowed on Cleopatra's Barge, we preceded her by half an hour.

I am now convinced that I was decoyed into that wretched canoe, with the deliberate intention of giving me a wet seat. I think perhaps McCloy was the instigator of the plot, but have no doubt that Douglas gave hearty approval. When I came to the canoe it was already afloat, McCloy kneeling in the bow with ready paddle, and Douglas in the stern. I was invited to sit on the bottom in the middle, with nothing at all to do, and this appealed to me as fitting and proper. I beamed my thanks

upon this rascally pair, for I thought they gave me the seat of ease and honor out of consideration for the comfort of an older companion. Ensued a wild ride down the first rapids, which happened to be deep enough fully to float the canoe, and then a series of bumps and the scraping of the thin shell upon the rock bottom. I found myself seated as firmly upon the rocks as though nothing intervened, and the illusion was vastly strengthened by the fact that in some mysterious manner we had been made to ship an inch or two of very cold water, not deep enough to permit bailing, but cold enough to give me the shivers.

At once, I was for going ashore to await the coming of the barge, but my friends would not hear of it.

"It'll be all right, Izaak, as soon as we get by this first bad stretch," McCloy assured me.

"Don't desert us, Sir Izaak," coaxed Douglas.

So I stuck it out for another half mile, with the increasing discomfort of a very wet seat, and nothing that could be done about it. However, when we grounded at the next shoal I deserted the ship and waded ashore to sit on a driftwood log until the barge should come along and pick me up. The grinning Douglas and McCloy turned the canoe upside down to empty out the water, righted it, and went on their way, with loud protestations of regret at my desertion, but with mirth in their hearts at my discomfort and damp condition.

We reached the camp at Jupiter mouth a little after dark. Captain Bernard promptly transformed himself into Chef Bernard, and with the assistance of one or two of his hardy mariners soon had dinner on the table. It

was a merry occasion, with toasts to each other, to our guides, to the pools of the Jupiter, and to the time when we might come again. After dinner Bernard produced an old fiddle, upon which he played a medley of French-Canadian dance tunes, tapping the floor with his foot to beat out the time. On the table beside him was a bottle of wine and glasses, from which between dances the fiddler renewed his inspiration. The rugged face of our chief of staff was wreathed in smiles. Daniel Boone came forward to dance a sailor's hornpipe, and Douglas, whose face was beginning again to take on the lines of care with his approach to civilization, cast care aside for the moment and danced the Highland fling.

We fishermen retired early, while Bernard and his six assistants adjourned to their cabin for a little more music and a little more good cheer. I fell asleep to the sound of chanting voices and faint music, with a fleeting vision of memory in which I heard and saw again Douglas and McCloy dancing a clog upon the wooden floor of the kitchen while singing the roaring chorus of their favorite song.

The Gamache was late in arriving next morning, and we did not get away until eight o'clock. The voyage to Port Menier was without incident, and the sea was smooth enough to be comfortable. I stretched out in one of the bunks of the tiny cabin and slept the entire three hours. We arrived at eleven o'clock, and Mr. Townsend took us at once to the chateau. He had made tentative arrangements for a seaplane to come out from Moise to get us, subject to confirmation by radiogram. After luncheon we gave the word to Mr. Townsend, and he sent the message

which would bring our plane. Within two hours we saw it coming. It circled the bay once, and apparently deciding that the water was too rough for landing there, turned inland and disappeared in the direction of a small lake situated five miles from the village. It is the usual place of take-off and landing for the Company plane.

We drove to the lake at once. There was a stiff wind on the lake, the water was rough and very choppy, and it took half an hour of jockeying with boats and plane before we and our baggage were safely aboard. A long taxi to the end of the lake, a turn into the wind, a swift run over wavetops which felt as hard as rocks whenever the pontoons touched them, a lift from the water, and we were off.

The plane rose to an altitude of twelve hundred feet, turned directly north, crossed over the western end of the Island, and headed for the north shore of the bay twenty miles away. It does not take long for a plane to cover twenty miles, and we were soon over. From there on, we flew along the coast at altitudes varying from five hundred to three hundred feet, so that every detail of shore and forest was visible. Douglas borrowed a map from the pilot, upon which he checked off the score or more of small rivers that empty into the bay from the northern wilderness. It is a wild, rough country, uninhabited except for an occasional small fishing village nestling at the edges of the bay.

Our first stop was at Moise, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, where we came down for gas. We made it in one hour and fifteen minutes. The plane was not a

fast one, but there was a good tailwind at the low altitude, which increased its normal speed. Our pilot said that in going to Port Menier he had flown at an altitude of five thousand feet, because he found there a strong wind blowing in the direction of the Island. The landing and the take-off at Moise were both rough, but were without danger or any discomfort. I had never before realized that water, when struck at speed, is just about as hard as rock.

In less than an hour we were again flying along the coast toward Quebec. It had been the pilot's intention to follow the coast until opposite Rimouski, and then cross directly over so as to travel a minimum distance above rough water, but the approach of evening and the threat of fog and storm ahead caused him to turn for a direct flight toward our destination. This was done to save time, and with the thought that it would enable us to beat the coming storm.

We came to the southern shore just above the summer resort village of Metis, where there is a tiny bay with a generous number of rocks showing above the surface of the water. By this time it was beginning to rain, and ahead of us we saw a bank of fog coming up. With ten minutes more of clear weather we could have reached Rimouski, but the storm was almost upon us and our pilot wisely determined to make a forced landing at Metis. He circled the bay at a low altitude twice, in order to familiarize himself with its rocks, so that upon landing he might taxi safely to a stop. Coming round the third time in readiness to land, we were given a real thrill.

To lose altitude quickly for the final glide, the pilot shut off his power and let the plane side-slip until it seemed almost at the point of touching the pine trees beneath us. Immediately below I saw someone's back yard, with chicken coops and a lot of white chickens. The latter scattered in wild flight, and for a moment I shared their fear that we were about to land among them. Just then, the pilot turned on the power and the plane kept its level above the treetops, dipped to the water almost at the edge of the beach, and taxied out into the little bay. Turning then, we came slowly back to the beach where we tied up and went ashore.

The entire summer colony of Metis was at the beach to ascertain the occasion of our visit, to learn who we were, and why we landed so unceremoniously in their front yard. They helped us ashore with our baggage, loaned us a motor car to carry us to the village hotel, called a truck to carry all our baggage, and otherwise made us very welcome indeed. It was pleasing.

The pilot of our plane and his assistant were our guests at dinner. They are fine chaps. From Metis we motored to Mont Joli, where, at eight fifteen we entrained for Montreal. Our journey homeward had been remarkable in that it brought into play within a period of two days six different types of vehicle: the barge, the canoe, the motor launch, the seaplane, the motor car, and the railroad train.

Our trip to Anticosti Island was a great success. The salmon taken were not large. Ward took the biggest fish, —one of 17 pounds. Belknap took one of 15½ and one of 15 pounds. I took one of 15 and one of 14 pounds.

Douglas one of 14½ and McCloy several of 14 pounds. The remainder of our salmon ran between 8 and 11 pounds. Each of us took a few grilse, my proportion of these being greater than that of my companions. There were salmon in the pools much larger than any we killed, but the great majority of fish in the stream were about the same size as those we took. The smaller fish were more interested in anything cast upon the surface of the water than were their larger brethren. Perhaps they served the same protective purpose as did the trout at Twenty-four Mile Pool.

In a brief appendix, I have copied the record of the fish taken by each member of the party. Of the wet flies used, the Jock Scott and Silver Doctor seemed to be the favorites. Of dries, we used several sizes of two patterns: a shaggy Grey Hackle and a winged Deer Fly. During the daytime, a No. 4 hook was about right, but toward evening a No. 2 was better.

There is a greater thrill in striking and playing a large salmon than a small one, but when one fishes with very light tackle, as we did, the smaller fish afford great sport. For myself, I would rather take a spirited grilse than a sluggish salmon. There are, of course, very large salmon that fight with all the vim of an active grilse, and with many times his strength. These, of course, are the most highly esteemed of all.

The play is finished, yet I find myself reluctant to ring down the curtain. In writing the story I have lived again all of its amusing incidents. In these, rather than in the record of fish taken, the real interest of a successful fishing trip will be found.

The Douglas, McCloy, and Ward of twenty-five years hence may find it a bit difficult to recognize themselves as Morpheus, Daniel Boone, and Francis Drake of the Jupiter River, but they will have no difficulty in recognizing the historian, Izaak Walton. I can imagine some evening in 1958 when the three may meet at the home of one of them. The talk will then turn to fishing, and someone will remember the history written by Old Izaak. The ancient volume will be found and sketched, and Daniel Boone will be mercilessly chaffed for his tale of the twenty-four salmon and a beaver. Perhaps he will make it the occasion of confessing at what point on the stream his glorious adventure actually took place. Before the evening ends one of the three will begin to hum the chorus of 'The Bastard King'. The full memory of that awful ballad will come to each like a flash, and rising to their feet they will sing it again with all the lung power and earnestness of purpose with which they sang it in the camps upon the Jupiter.

And by way of *au revoir*, let me say to you fellows that on the occasion I have pictured, Izaak Walton will be there in spirit, no matter where he may be in the flesh. He will check the confession of Daniel Boone, he will join in the chorus of your song, and you will need to be very, very careful what you say about him, lest he place you under a worse spell than the curse of Noah.

APPENDIX

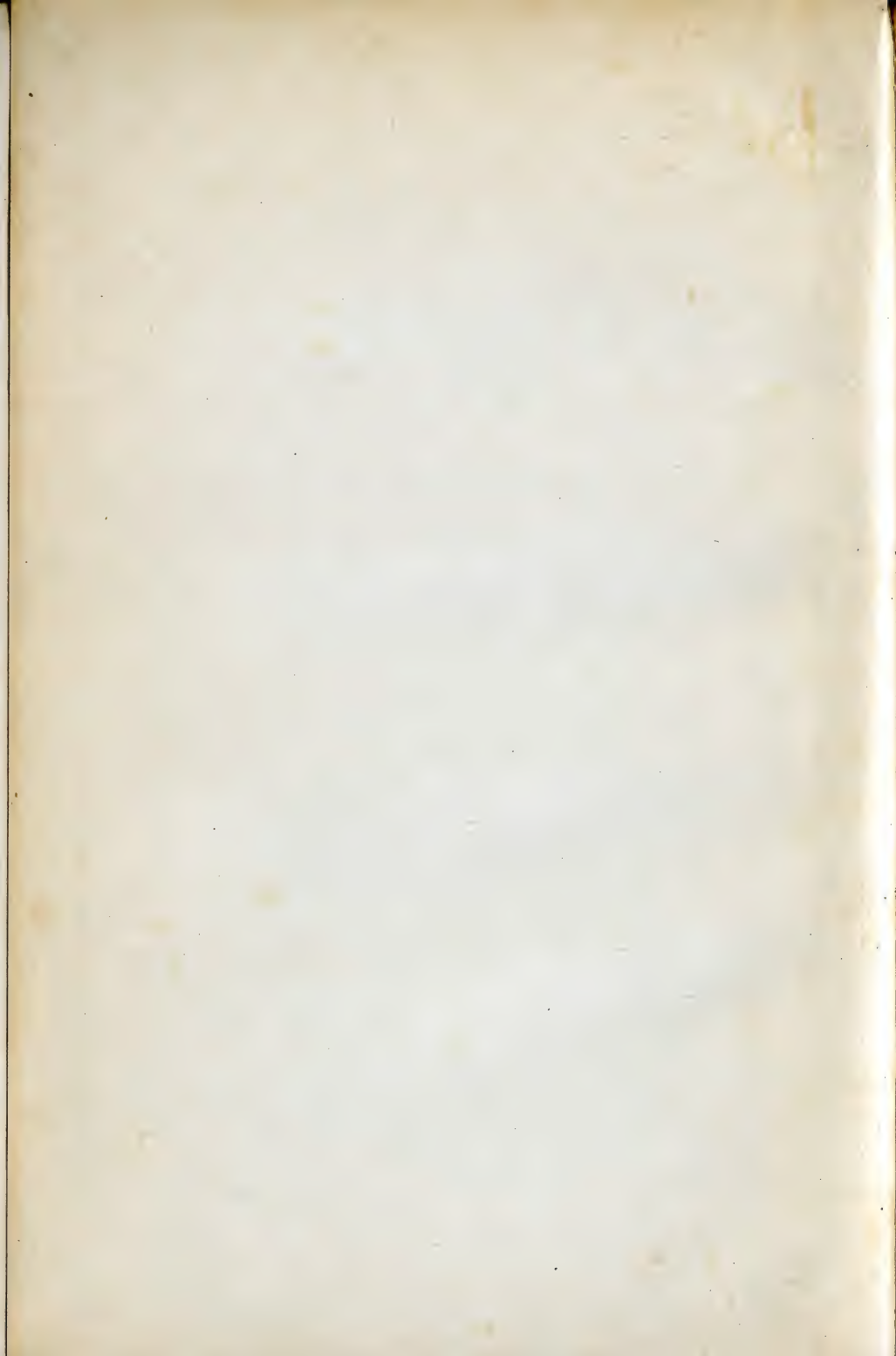
Fishing Record

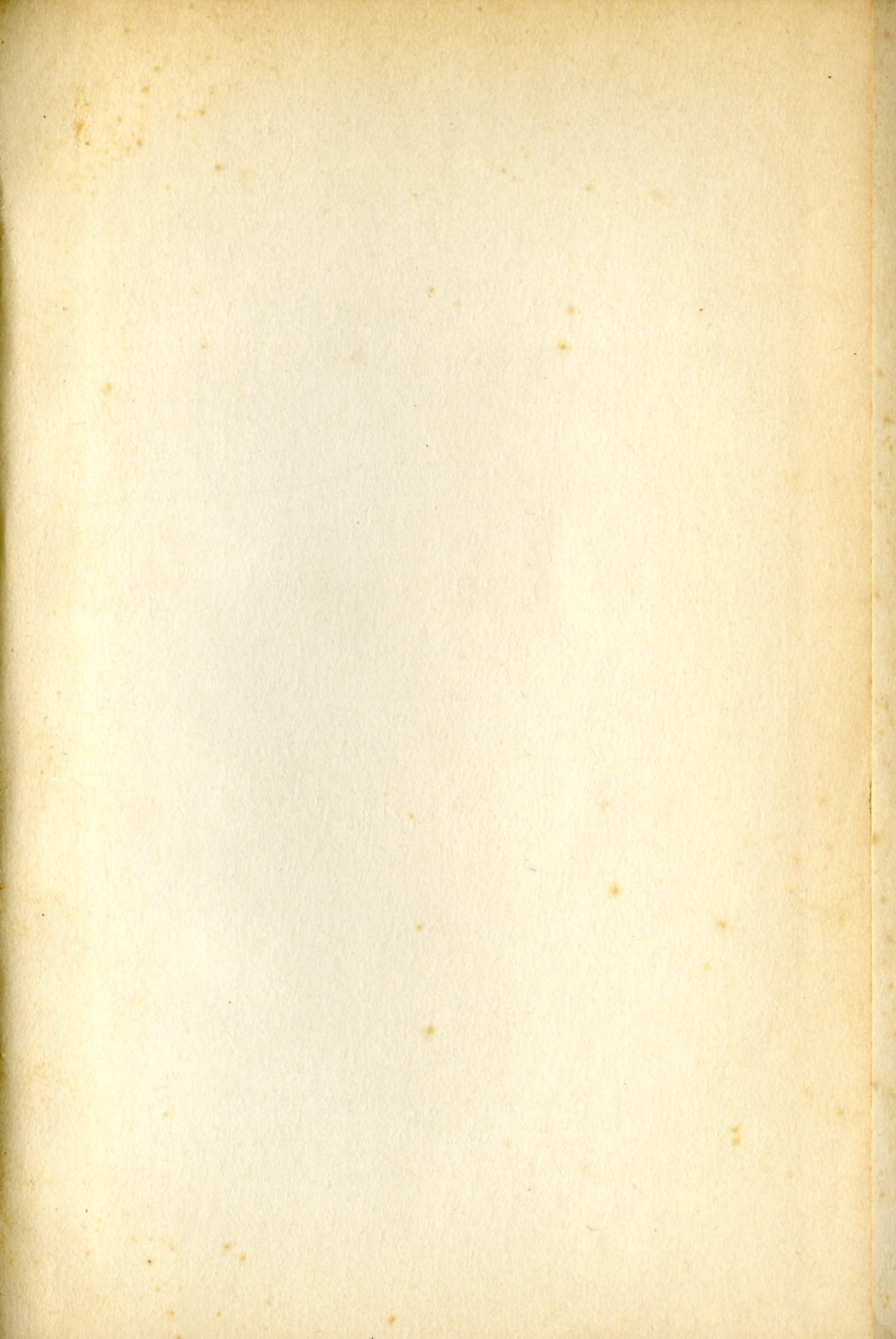
DATE	POOLS	DOUGLAS	McCLOY	LOWERY	WARD	BELKNAP
1933						
July 31,	Grey's	3	3	3	1(a)	2
Aug. 1,	Grey's & Turgeon	1	6	8	0	1
" 2,	Grey's & Turgeon	2	6	2(b)	0	5(c)
" 3,	Eagle & Willingdon	3(d)	1	8	4	5(e)
" 4,	Grey's	2	1	0	2	2
" 5,	Grey's	2	1	3(f)	2	2
" 6,	Grey's	1	3	0		
" 7,	14-Mile & Willingdon	3	2	5		
" 8,	32-Mile & 33½-Mile	5	3	6		
" 9,	{Willingdon	2	..	2		
	{42-Mile & 35-Mile	..	24	..		
" 10,	24-Mile & Ship	3	0	0		
" 11,	Grey's	3	2	4		
	Totals	30	52	41	9	17

RECAPITULATION:

Douglas	30	(a) One of 17 lbs.
McCloy	52	(b) One of 15 lbs.
Lowery	41	(c) One of 15 lbs.
Ward	9	(d) One of 14½ lbs.
Belknap	17	(e) One of 15½ lbs.
TOTAL	149	(f) One of 14 lbs.







N x X.

